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THE SPHERE, JULY 6, 1935
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLII
No. 1850
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC
JULY 6 1935

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, July 6, 1935

The Royal Visit to Belgium

The Duke and Duchess of York see the Great Brussels Exhibition

The outstanding event during "British Week" at the Brussels International Exhibition was the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York who on Monday last arrived in the Belgian capital by air, and were received with great enthusiasm. Their Royal Highnesses first drove out to the palace at Laeken, where they attended a luncheon given in their honour by King Leopold and Queen Astrid. In the afternoon they were accompanied to the Exhibition by the British Ambassador and Lady Ovey, and spent several hours mixing freely with the crowds and inspecting the various pavilions. They were particularly attracted by "Old Brussels"—a full-scale reproduction of a section of the city as it was in the opening years of the eighteenth century—and are seen in the above view walking through one of the picturesque streets. On Monday evening the Duke and Duchess again met the King and Queen of the Belgians when they attended a banquet at the British Embassy, but even then this eventful day did not come to a close, for later the Royal party put in an appearance at the ball which was held at the British Pavilion and attended by the whole of official and aristocratic Brussels. (See also pages 18 & 19)

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE KING AT LORD'S: His Majesty shaking hands with E. A. Rowan, of South Africa, on Saturday last, when he attended the Test Match and received the teams in front of the pavilion. Second from the right is H. B. Cameron, whose sparkling innings of 90, which included a number of sixes, was the outstanding feature of the first day's play

REPRESENTATIVES OF EMPIRE: The Duke of Connaught in conversa[tion] have been in England since the start of the Silver Jubilee celeb[rations] gardens of St. James's Palace after His Royal Highness had [lunched]

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, July 3, 1935.

THE SUN FESTIVAL.—

What a week-end of sport! What a week-end of a dream of England at her best in flaming June! What a gala for peer and peri (which is better spelt Perry). I spoke the other day of the all-conquering letter H. The Perrys to-day look like popularising the proverbial P. Before these lines are read, we shall know whether the Perrys have it all along the line. It was an *embarras de richesse*, an appallingly difficult choice of charms. Muirfield and golf are beyond my range, and in any case we were haymaking at home and everything in the garden was lovely. But for Saturday there was the Lord's Test Match, a very interesting day's play at Wimbledon, the Air Force Display at Hendon, and the second and not very promising day of the Eton-Winchester Match at Eton. Having family ties which drew me, I plumped for King Henry's Holy Shade and secured a little patch of it for my car and my family and was not ill-rewarded. The Test Match was postponed (for me) until Monday, Wimbledon until Tuesday; the affair at Hendon is better without me. My neck, eyes and ears will not stand the strain. I am one of those old shellbacks who agree with Lord Cecil that "it had been well for civilization if flying had never been invented," though I confess it with shame. However, flying has plenty of skilled eulogists in the Press and elsewhere and there is plenty of material for the green-acre school. How they work on these flaming days of June!

THE RADLEY CREWS.—

Marlow Regatta, which enjoyed the full glories of the long-deferred summer, proved a triumph for Radley. This once small rowing school (the little sister of Eton on Thames waters) has developed amazingly since my youth, when she used to be "poor little Radley" at Henley Regatta. Last week at Marlow she carried off the "Marlow Eights" Cup with her first eight, a compact, fast crew, and for the fifth year in succession won with her second eight the Public Schools Vase. Her first crew may still improve before the "Ladies Plate" is rowed at Henley and may go far towards the final. Radley is as happily placed as any school I know; high above the Thames mists, it lies embowered in a lovely "gentleman's park"; its school buildings are clustered round a fine old English country house; it possesses what must be one of the largest cricket grounds in the world; it is full of treasures of art and beauties of nature, and it has the privileges of one of the finest and loveliest reaches of the Thames for its wet-bobs. Radley has turned out many famous "watermen," salt-water men predominating. She was an early cradle of Admirals, but she has supplied a number of blues to Oxford and Cambridge and several world-famous oarsmen, of whom perhaps W. B. Woodgate was the most notable.

CHOICE OF WEAPONS.—

After his duel with Menzel at Wimbledon on Wednesday last, Jean Borotra might well (if he were not made of steel springs and quicksilver) have rested on his box-mattress if not on his laurels. None who saw that epic of lawn tennis will ever forget it. But Jean Borotra forgot it at once, as he turned to draft his acceptance of a challenge to a duel of another sort. It came from M. Didier Poulain, a Paris lawn tennis journalist, who thought fit to criticise Jean's actions in playing at Wimbledon and not playing for France in the Davis Cup singles. Jean returned M. Poulain's effort with a terrific smash—and M. Poulain appealed to the Frenchman's Code of Honour. And then they named their seconds, Réné Lacoste being one of Borotra's. The affair was then out of the hands of the principals until the date and place of meeting had been settled. Jean would have the choice of weapons, being the challenged party. M. Poulain was a noted swordsman, Jean out of practice with the rapier. He thought of choosing pistols. I hoped he might think again. His weapon is the racket; with it he can propel a ball that will stun at twenty paces, without raising unpleasant questions at inquests. It was an obvious choice and I very much doubted if M. Poulain would stand the racket. He didn't.

THE GREAT THUNDERSTORMS.—

Thunderstorms in summer are necessarily local affairs. How peculiarly local the famous storms of last week demonstrated to me. They followed the hottest night ever recorded in the month of June and were preceded by an hour of humid heat as trying as any hour I ever experienced in England, and only paralleled by such another hour I endured once in Montreal. But towards the end of the height of last Tuesday's great thunderstorm which flooded out the Kingston by-pass road, shattered trees and houses and drove the inhabitants of Sutton, Malden, and Reigate to take to waders and boats, I was travelling along the Portsmouth Road by the direct or old road through Kingston. There was no rain, no water on the roads, the thunder sounded far away, and when I came to the Esher end of the Kingston by-pass, there was nothing to indicate that any convulsion of Nature had taken place save a small pool of water welling from a flooded sewer. So that one part of Kingston did not "know how the other lives" Do we suffer worse thunderstorms than

a decade ago? We took [them] granted then. Now either [the] pervading voice of the Press [or] haps our impious invasion [of] ether with man-made waves magnified their dangers and [ad]sity. We know as little about [how] to avoid their peril to life property as in the dark and [early] ages when the "thunderstone" "all-dreaded."

OXFORD'S HONOU[RED] GUESTS.—

Oxford has in [this] collected together more famous distinguished men for the [same] honorary degrees even than [were] chosen last week to receive [the] rary D.C.L.s at the Encaenia seldom, I should think, so many well known in their own [line] business, nor a collection so [varied] and so cosmopolitan. Dr. [Lyon], the public orator, taxed his [imag]ation and his Latin to do [justice] their parts. Baron Franchet was not spared a reference [to] legend surrounding his [name] (*monstro quodam horrendo*) got it all back with a catalogue virtues, which showed him to very Admirable Crichton in [the] sphere. The Duke of Alba was reminded of an ogre-ancestor

THE GREAT THUNDERSTORMS.—

was pacified with the label of "[the] of Britain and the Bodleian." Herriot figured as a *vir praeclarus* a lover of France, of peace, of Ly[ons] and of literature. Lord Bledisloe [pre]sented no difficulties (Eton and Un[iversity] *The Georgics* (which no doubt he [read] out in his youth) bristle with quotat[ions] suitable for a lover of agriculture; C[anada] is a *locus classicus* for pro-cons[uls] Sir Herbert Samuel afforded occ[asion] for classic digs and witticisms. [The] liberal party was described as a "[few] handful of water-birds in the vast wa[ste] of ocean." But as a Balliol contemporary, Mr. Cyril Bailey let Sir Herb[ert] down gently as "the Platonic ideal citizen, statesman and philosopher and *gravis pietate*." Sir John Re[ith] probably has the best publicity [of] any man of his quality alive. [His] dead languages were quite equal [to] dealing lucidly with modern scien[ce] and Sir John's little hobby was [for] a quotation all pat. His *nova machina* "*mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo*." If Sir John was able to translate, he must have agreed that (with poetic licence) the phrase was reasonably apt.

A JUBILEE TRUST DONATION.—The Jubilee Trust continues to attract the generosity of donors. The progress of the fund is periodically announced and easily remembered. I sometimes think that the intentions of the Trust might usefully be explained again and again. I believe the King's broad view can be briefly stated as "the improvement of the bodies and minds of the youth of this country by the promotion of suitable schemes of physical training and instruction in games, and by increasing facilities for every kind of outdoor recreation." The scheme has obviously appealed to the nation at large as something instinct with rare vision, grace, and fitness, not a mere emergency stop-gap. A broad plan so far-sighted and so liberal in its scope deserves to be driven home into public consciousness, and I for one should welcome a more defined and detailed plan of operations, if those responsible can now see their way clear to it. The greatness of the scheme demands a special tribute to the chief donors who have responded to it, of whom the latest is Lady Houston, who has sent a princely donation of £40,000. This must be a scheme dear to Lady Houston's heart and her gift will be welcomed and acknowledged with gratitude and no dissentient voice.

King's Indian orderly officers, who are taken a few days ago in the Yeomen of the Guard

PARLIAMENT'S HOLIDAYS.—The House of Commons s like to sit well into the middle of August this Jubilee summer. I am orry for M.P.s, if the promise of a ate grill is fulfilled. It seems doubtful if the gunners will get away for the 12th, unless they can ram into a dozen available days a ast quantity of important legisation on health insurance, housing, ibbon development, transport, coton, and all the unforeseen "supplementaries." But it is a vulgar rror to suppose that M.P.s have prescriptive right to shoot their rouse on the 12th, or to have heir grouse if they cannot. A undred years ago Lady Grey and ady Salisbury and the rest of he Whig and Tory hostesses were s a matter of course still giving arties in mid-August. August 15 vas quite a normal date for the House to rise on. During the war t sat usually through August, and nce before the war it sat until September 17. The post-war fashion or an autumn session as a matter of course put back the date of rising to the end of July. This year, Italy (of whom more next week) writes a note of interrogation after autumn plans.

BERNHARD BERENSON.—The seventieth birthday of Mr. Bernhard Berenson which fell on June 26 was the occasion of a letter of homage in the *Times* signed by a number of Englishmen prominent in the world of art. To the man in the street his name is probably quite unknown. Mr. Berenson was born of American parents (of Boston) and married the talented daughter of Mr. R. Pearsall Smith whose family has long been an authority on the English language. Years ago Mr. and Mrs. Berenson became authorities on Italian Primitives and on the Florentine and Venetian schools of painting. Their house at Settignano became a centre for the young intelligentsia of the English colony in Florence, and its walls were covered with Mr. Berenson's discoveries of Primitives, and gems of many later periods. I was taken to luncheon there during a visit to Florence in my youth and the company included Mr. Geoffrey Scott, Mr. Pinsent, and Mr. Algar Thorold who was then writing a life of Labby. The conversation was solely on art and so far above my head that my hesitant comments on Mr. Berenson's pictures must have seemed to others as ludicrous as they seemed to me. But I recall that I was most kindly treated and have remembered the occasion ever since very clearly. It was a year or two before his marriage that Mr. Berenson rose on the horizon as a new and startling authority on the art of the Renaissance. His famous essays ultimately grew into the basis of two great volumes which have held their place as leading authorities on Florentine drawings. So great an authority, needless to say, stimulates controversy and jealousy, and Mr. Berenson, that self-confident critic, has not escaped criticism. Some have called him a charlatan, some have welcomed opportunities to find him at fault. Mr. St. John Lucas' *Sanderson's Venus* was an example of the pillorying of such omniscients of art as Mr. Berenson. But Mr. Berenson has held his own in a very strenuous field. The signatories to his birthday letter of homage prove that.

HITLER RENOUNCES PRUSSIANISM.—The new Germany has given one further proof that the policy and traditions of the old Germany, on whose ashes she rose, are not binding upon her. In as far as the policy of blood and iron seems good to Hitler he maintains the old tradition. But the old tradition of frightfulness proved a cardinal blunder diplomatically in the great war. In denouncing the principle of "unrestricted naval warfare" Hitler tacitly admits that no greater blunder was ever made than Germany's decision of January, 1917. On the "good" side it sank without trace 10,000,000 tons of British and other shipping, and drowned 15,000 non-combatants, including nurses and wounded men. But on the "bad" side it brought America into the war, pulled the hesitant Wilson over the fence, and settled Germany's hash at last. Hitler, the statesman and student of history, has expressed his willingness in this particular to "serve the welfare of mankind," and henceforth to adhere to the rules regarding submarine warfare laid down in Part IV of the London Naval Treaty. These rules make things very much less disagreeable for persons on their lawful occasions in the Merchant Marine in war-time. "Sinking without trace" is expunged from the dictionary of nautical terms, and the comfort of passengers and crews must henceforth be more carefully studied. May other Dictators renounce Prussianism!

CARS ON COMMON LAND.—Another example of the difficulty of driving facts into public consciousness is constantly evidenced in the business of the Petty Sessional Courts. Week after week magistrates are compelled, often against the grain, to enforce the laws which protect the amenities of the commons and open spaces. One such absolutely necessary law forbids the driving and parking of motor vehicles more than a few yards from the road. Now, in parts of Surrey in particular these commons were used during the war as military camps: and small, partly-metalled roads or tracks were driven across them for military uses. For these tracks the main road curbing was removed during the war and even to-day there are many apparently "authorized" by-roads, leading on to commons invitingly off the main road. But they are a snare. They are not "authorized," they soon end in grass or heather, and, beyond the limits fixed from the high road, they lead to conviction and fining. Magistrates have in certain courts increased the fine in order to give publicity to the law, but without avail. The victims are mostly honest, decent citizens, genuinely mistaken, who can ill-afford a penalty which seems out of all proportion to the gravity of the offence, which is often committed solely to avoid causing another road nuisance. The B.B.C. and the Press have long worked hard to drive home "safety-first" precautions, as also to stress many of the acts of vandalism which motorists commit in the countryside. Their efforts achieve results very slowly. I cannot help thinking that, if they would broadcast the nature and existence of this particular law which protects common-land, results would be more quickly obtained. For the public *does* mark and learn where its purse is concerned. It would be of the greatest help to magistrates and police in the southern home counties if the public could really be made to understand that the authorities are compelled to enforce this law, that it is a necessary law, and that its violation inevitably results in a heavy fine. Notices cannot be placed at 20-yard intervals along vast stretches of common lands. There are only two remedies: (a) The public must get to know of the existence of the law. It has been in force for years and is still Greek to the million. (b) Local authorities must do all they can to close up (by recurbing and otherwise) these apparently authorised but quite unauthorised "by-roads" which lead innocent persons to perdition on common lands.

A MORNING'S CRICKET.—To sit in the great open window of the members' room at Lord's, when a cool breeze is blowing from King's Cross, not the fumes of a great city but the scents of bean and clover fields, and to watch the South Africans fielding, is indeed the poetry of cricket-watching. England, in the 70's with three wickets down, looked like staying all day, and started like it also. For eight runs came from the first three balls bowled, and we settled down to watch Wyatt and Hammond do the business. But Balaskas and Dalton, wizards of spin, turned the game into a procession, and the wicket into a glue pot. Each made the ball talk, sit up and beg, slither, swing, break 6 ins, and otherwise prestidigitate and one by one the stars of cricket returned crestfallen to the pavilion. I have seldom seen such fielding, Wade in particular at close-in mid-on was all-seeing and ubiquitous. A great fielding side like South Africa makes a field sewn with dragon's teeth. An armed man springs up behind every blade of grass.

THE OLD STAGER

THE ENCAENIA AT OXFORD: Baron Georg Franckenstein, the Austrian Minister in London; the Duke of Alba, the Spanish Foreign Minister in 1930–31; M. Herriot, former French Premier; Lord Bledisloe, who has just retired from the post of Governor-General of New Zealand; Sir Herbert Samuel; and Sir John Reith, Director-General of the B.B.C., seen as they processed to the Sheldonian Theatre preparatory to receiving Honorary Degrees from the Vice-Chancellor of the University

HOM...

ONE OF THE GREATEST OPEN-AIR ATTRACTIONS OF THE YEAR: An aerial view showing a section of the vast crowd, estimated at at least 150,000, and the amazing number of cars at the Royal Air Force Pageant at Hendon on Saturday last. The display was an outstanding success, and fortunately was not again marred by a serious accident. The only small misfortune of the day occurred when a pilot who was giving an exhibition of how not to fly carried realism a little too far and crashed in front of the enclosures. He was unhurt

"THE VERY FLOWER OF MAIDENHOOD": The fourteen beauty queens seen before they left Paris to compete at Torquay for the title of "Miss Europe." *Left to right*—Maria Nagy (Danube), Elizabeth Pitz (Rhine), Georgette Themos (Tunis), Nicky Papadapoulu (Greece), Vanna Panzarasa (Italy), Alicia Navarro (Spain), Eve Fehrer (Hungary), Trude Boehm (Czechoslovakia), Marianne Gorbatovsky (Russia), Gerde Lowlie (Norway), Ellen Oerregaard (Denmark), Stella Elte (Holland), Stephanie Boumans (Belgium), and Giselle Preville (France)

MU FROA, one of the giraffe-necked women of Burma who created such a sensation at the Bertram Mills Christmas Circus at Olympia, seen with her child which was born a few days ago in a Carlisle Nursing Home

THE PREMIER'S WIFE RECEIVES: Mrs. Stanley Baldwin greeting Mrs. E. C. de Fonseka, of Ceylon, at the garden party held at 10 and 11 Downing Street, at which His Majesty's Government entertained notable visitors from overseas

"MR. SMITH": This is the name of the champion bulldog owned by Mr. C. W. Hiscox, of Purley, which recently won three challenge cups at a Glasgow Show. It was originally bought as a pet

EX-SERVICEMEN ...ORE
His Royal Hi... Dea...
march past ...bers
the British L... ha...
giving ...Georg...

THE NEW SHER... CI...
Dawson La... Colo...
outside the ... th...
been made ...tion ...
The last ... sev...

THE VICTOR: Al...
cup after his ...
Golf Champion...
For the four ...
total equalled ...

EVENTS

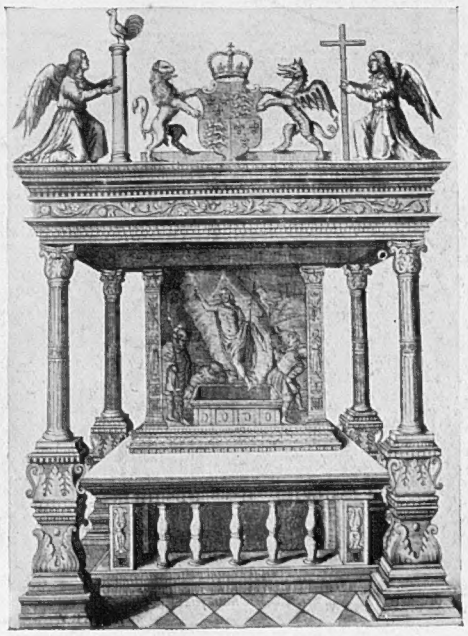
ORE THE PRINCE OF WALES: Dean of Windsor watching the nbers of the Berkshire branches of had attended a Jubilee Thanks- George's Chapel, Windsor

CITY OF LONDON: Colonel J. Colonel W. J. Waldron *(right)* seen the formal announcement had tion to office for the ensuing year. several times Mayor of Fulham

ht), of Leatherhead, receiving the thoroughly deserved win in the Open week at Muirfield, near Edinburgh. scores of 69, 75, 67, and 72, and his s of Gene Sarazen and Henry Cotton

Special SPHERE *picture*

THE NEW HIGH ALTAR IN HENRY VII's CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY: This magnificent piece of craftsmanship, which is fully described below by Dr. Jocelyn Perkins, is the Jubilee gift of members of the Order of the Bath and was dedicated by Dr. Foxley Norris on Wednesday of this week. It is a copy of the original altar *(seen on right)* which was designed by the great Florentine artist Torrigiani, but which was destroyed during the Long Parliament

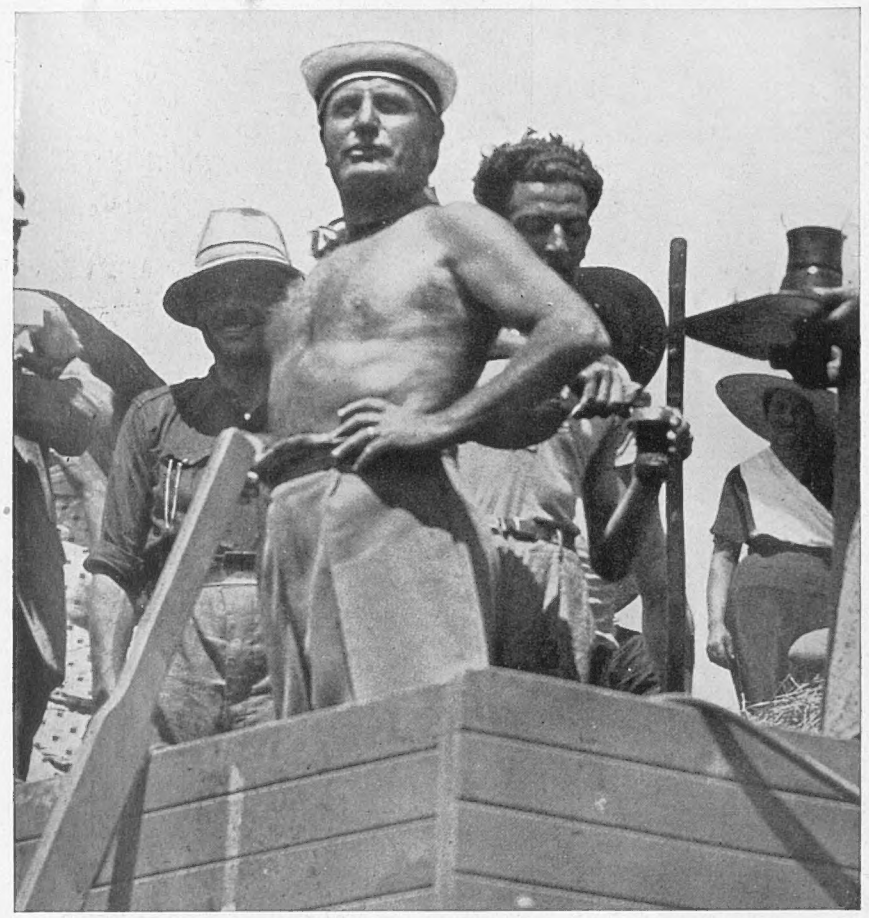


WE owe to Torrigiani the famous tombs of Henry VII and Elizabeth of York, and also that of the King's mother, the Lady Margaret Beaufort, tombs which stand without rivals anywhere in Europe. It would seem that Torrigiani's work upon these two structures so greatly impressed the executors of King Henry VII that he received a further commission from them in 1516 to erect at a cost of £1,000 the High Altar which was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin.

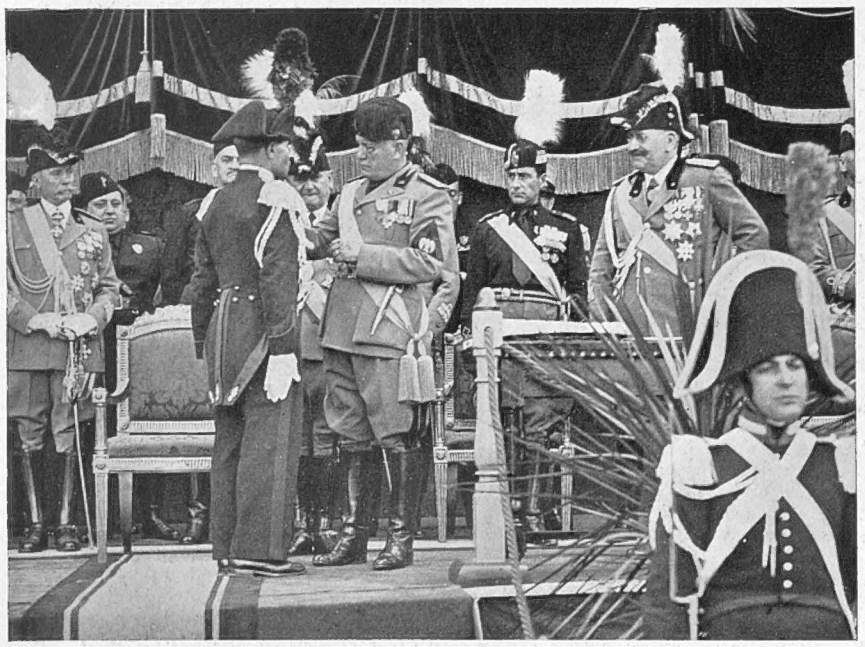
Thus there arose in Henry VII's Chapel a stately altar and baldacchino of gorgeous marbles and gilded bronze with a reredos of the latter material on which was depicted the Resurrection of Christ. According to some of the older historians of Westminster Abbey it was "a rarity not to be match'd . . . in any part of the world, admirable and unequalled for its curiosity." It escaped the troubles of the Reformation when most of the side altars of the Abbey perished and in a curious and apparently accidental manner came in the course of years to be known as "the Monument of King Edward VI," from the fact that the interment of the boy King had taken place in the vault immediately beneath. Thus, Torrigiani's masterpiece enjoyed a respite of well over a century, but its doom was sealed by the Long Parliament and it disappeared in 1643 or 1644. Fortunately, two pictures survived together with a considerable quantity of documentary evidence. Some little time ago the extremely happy suggestion was made that the Members of the Order of the Bath might well commemorate the re-opening of their official home by replacing this wonderful work of art, with the aid of the abundant information which has fortunately descended to our own times. The idea was enthusiastically taken up by the Great Master of the Order, the Duke of Connaught and his colleagues, with the result that this grand structure stands on the old site to-day fair and beautiful.

JOCELYN PERKINS.

THE DEMOCRATIC DICTATOR: Signor Mussolini, stripped to the waist, at work feeding a threshing machine when he recently visited Sabaudia to help the farmers with their harvest. This is one of the new settlements in the once malaria-stricken Pontine Marshes, an area which is now almost competely reclaimed, where towns have grown up and hundreds of contented families are earning an adequate livelihood



INTERVAL FOR REFRESHMENT: Another striking study of Signor Mussolini taken during his visit to Sabaudia. The Dictator has probably given more of his time and enthusiasm to the colonising and reclaiming of this area than to any other project, as he sees in the development of agriculture the solution of Italy's unemployment problem and a means of making the country independent of foreign sources of grain supply



ITALY'S POLICE FORCE COMES OF AGE: Signor Mussolini presenting a medal to a member of the Royal Carabinieri at a ceremony held recently in Rome to celebrate the 21st anniversary of the foundation of the force

The Italo-Abyssinian Imbroglio

A Short Survey of the Dispute from its Commencement up to the Present Time

THE drama of Abyssinia is approaching its *dénouement*. Early last week Mr. Eden in Rome made a final attempt to save the situation. In return for her renunciation of war against Abyssinia, he offered Italy British support for her economic aspirations. The offer was politely refused. It was quite obvious, explained Signor Mussolini, that Abyssinia had no intention of making any concessions, even with Britain urging it. Force alone would bring the Emperor to a reasonable frame of mind. As for the League interfering in the matter, Italy would raise the question of Abyssinia's right to membership.

Thus the stage would seem to be set for the last act of a play which has intermittently held the limelight for more than half a century. It is an exciting play, and one that raises one of the most urgently vital issues of our time. The protagonists, too, are well worth looking at. Signor Mussolini, inspiring genius of a neo-Roman Empire, figuring as champion of the white man's receding supremacy; Haile Silassie, king of kings and astutest of statesmen, standing in defence on the last rampart of African independence, with the eyes of the coloured people throughout the world upon him.

To understand the situation which now confronts us it is necessary to look backwards into the past century. Italy was the last of the European nations to acquire any foothold on the African continent. In 1882, thanks to the aid of Great Britain, she obtained in the Bay of Assab a foothold on the shore of the Red Sea. She was soon able to extend this southward as far as Bab-el-Mandeb, and thus created the dependency of Eritrea. In February, 1885, she occupied Massowah; and two years later established a protectorate over a strip of territory bordering the Indian Ocean which she christened Italian Somaliland.

The occupation of these territories, which are poor in resources, was intended only as a preliminary to further expansion. It was the rich—or supposedly rich—hinterland known as Abyssinia on which Italy had her eye. There, it was rumoured, cotton and sugar cane and rubber and every other kind of valuable tropical plant could be grown. There, too, were iron, and possibly gold and oil. More important still was the existence of a vast and primitive country which might be developed as a market for Italian industry.

How much of this picture is true and how much imaginary nobody seems ever to have established, but it certainly tempted Italy and apparently still does so. Her attempt to push into the interior began in 1885. In 1889 she signed the Treaty of Uccialli with the Emperor Menelek and interpreted it as giving her a right to establish a protectorate over Abyssinia. But Menelek had different ideas, and when an Italian army advanced to assert the claim, it was attacked and completely routed at the battle of Adowa. The invaders lost 4,600 killed, 3,000 prisoners, and all their baggage. A few months later Italy signed a treaty with Menelek recognising his entire independence. Her dream of conquest was shattered for a generation.

The next chapter of the story opens in 1906. By then two other Powers were entered for the Abyssinian stakes besides Italy. Britain was interested in Lake Tsana, that vast natural reservoir cupped by the northern highlands, whose waters feed the Blue Nile and are thus vital to the irrigation of the Sudanese and Egyptian cotton-fields. Meanwhile French money and engineers were building the Djibouti-Addis Ababa railway, which is still the only modern communication between the capital of Abyssinia and the outside world. As for Italy, she vaguely claimed the rest of the country as a "sphere of influence."

By the Tripartite Treaty signed in December 1906 the respective interests of the three Powers were mutually recognised. Britain was left free to pursue her aims at Lake Tsana, France kept the railway, while Italy's interests were to be safeguarded " . . . more especially with reference to the hinterland of her possessions and the territorial connection between them to the west of Addis Ababa." In addition it was agreed that Italy should have the concession, if it were granted by Abyssinia, to build a railway connecting Eritrea and Italian Somaliland and passing westward of Addis Ababa. At the same time the three Powers guaranteed the political independence and territorial integrity of Abyssinia and agreed to concert together in the event of any attempt to change the *status quo*.

As far as Italy was concerned the Tripartite Treaty remained a dead letter for many years. The Adowa disaster had poured cold water on Italian colonial enterprise, and the liberal regime of the pre-war period lacked the vitality to revive it.

The advent of Fascism, however, put new life into Italy. The imperial destiny of Rome was perceived once again. The maps of Africa were got out, the treaties taken from dusty drawers. In 1925 the subject of Abyssinia was reopened in conversations with England, and on December 14 there was an exchange of letters between Sir Ronald Graham, British Ambassador in Rome, and Signor Mussolini, head of the Italian Government, by which the two countries bound themselves to support each other's claims; that is Britain's for the right to build a dam at Lake Tsana and a road connecting it with the Sudan, and Italy's for the railway concession mentioned previously, with an Italian-controlled zone on either side.

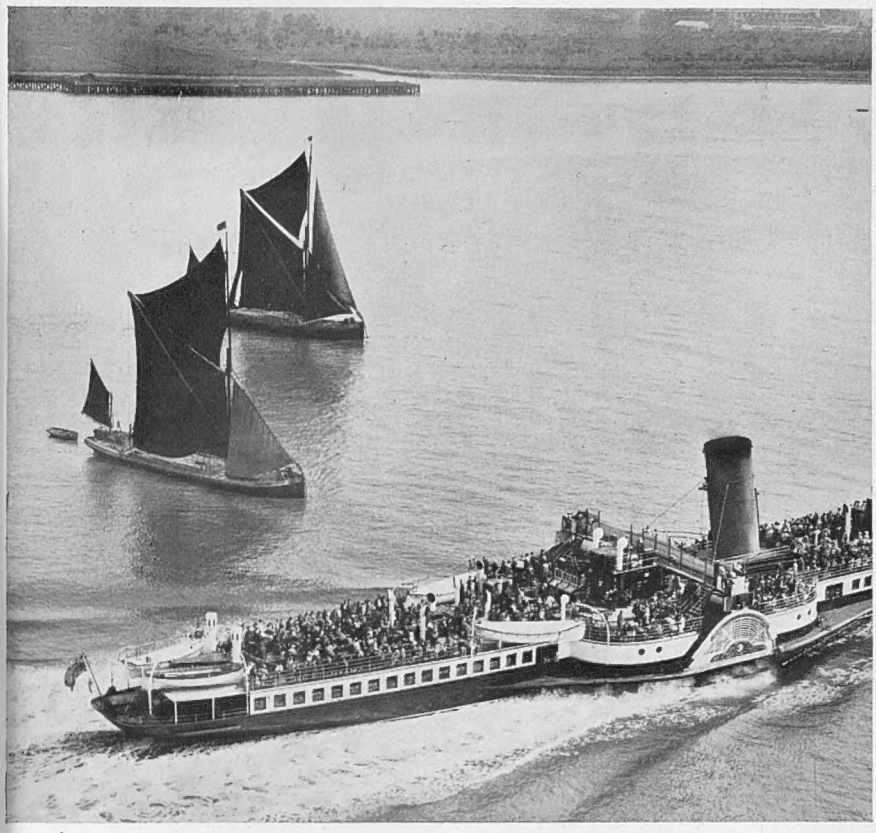
But though the two Powers were now keen to obtain what they wanted they found themselves confronted by serious obstacles. These obstacles have not yet been overcome. The Abyssinia of to-day, with its relatively well-equipped army, its seat at Geneva, and, above all, its enlightened and highly skilful ruler, fully alive to the uses of publicity, is a very different proposition from the obscure and savage (though officially Christian) country whose physical and cultural attributes scarcely any but a few explorers and adventurous traders, outside the officials of the Egyptian Department of the Foreign Office, were aware of in 1906.

The change is due both to the statesmanship of Ras Tafari, now the Emperor Haile Silassie, and to the evolution of world opinion. Thirty years ago there was no League of Nations, no Kellogg Pact, and no articulate sentiment against imperialism. To-day all these exist and are factors to be reckoned with. The present Negus has been quick to take advantage of them. Realising that only the most clever statesmanship could save his backward and relatively defenceless country from being absorbed by the western nations he set to work on the one hand to modernise it and on the other to strengthen it internationally by every diplomatic means available. Exploiting the mutual jealousies of the Powers, he played one off against the other, and when threatened by Europe brought in the United States and Japan to serve as counterweight. Thus when Britain sought the concession to build the dam at Lake Tsana, she found the survey was entrusted to the White Corporation of

(Continued on p. 36)

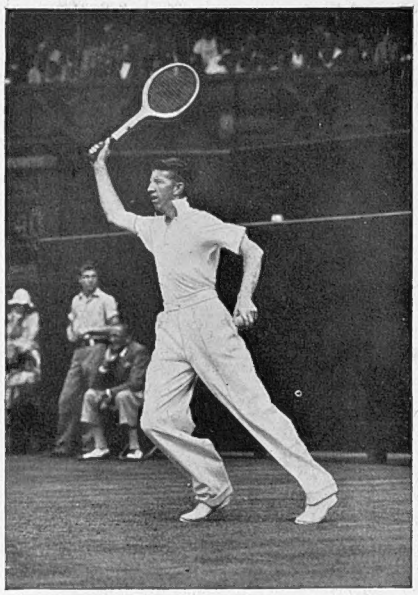
THE THAMES BARGE RACE

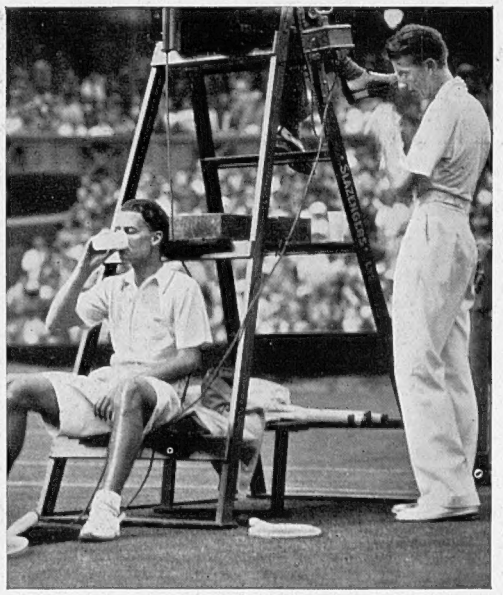
And a Yacht with a Unique Rig



SAIL AND STEAM: A large party of sightseers on board the pleasure steamer, *Crested Eagle*, from which they watched the progress of the annual Thames Sailing Barge race which was held on June 25 between Gravesend and the Mouse Lightship. *On right*—The remarkable "wishbone" rig on the new racing yacht built for Mr. Alan Colman at East Cowes. The rig, which is somewhat similar in principle to the Park Avenue boom, has been designed to allow of the sails taking a natural shape with the wind

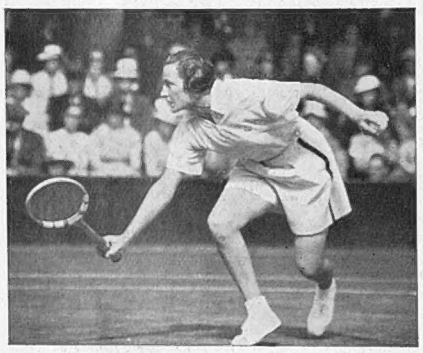
ROUNDING THE COMMITTEE BOAT: *Cambria* leading *Violet* by about three lengths during the Thames Sailing Barge race which resulted in one of the most thrilling finishes on record; five of the fifteen starters reaching the winning post almost in a line. *Veronica* (owned by F. T. Everard and Sons, Ltd.) finished first with only 2 ft. to spare from *Sara* which made a brilliant spurt in the closing stages after having been half-a-mile behind. This contest, which was instituted in 1863 for the purpose of improving the speed of river craft, lapsed at the beginning of the present century but was revived in 1927 and ever since has been held regularly



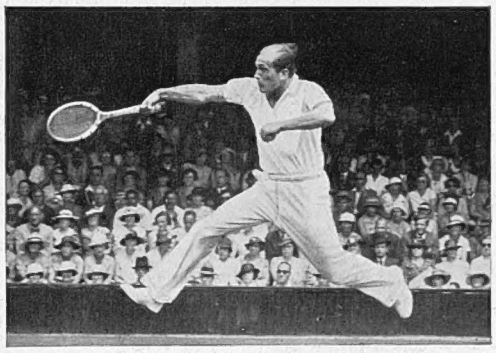


A BLOW FOR ENGLAND: *Left*—D. Budge, the unseeded American player and newcomer to Wimbledon, in play against H. W. Austin, Britain's second string, whom he surprisingly defeated in the fifth round by 3-6, 10-8, 6-4, 7-5. *Right*—Budge and Austin taking a rest following the gruelling second set which the former won after having been behind at 4-1

A NARROW ESCAPE: Two pictures taken during the fourth-round match between Mrs. Wills Moody and Slecna E. Cepkova, of Czechoslovakia, which resulted in a win for the famous American after she had dropped the first set 3-6 and been led 4-3 in the second. *Left*—The players having a short rest when changing ends. *Right*—Slecna Cepkova returning a drive

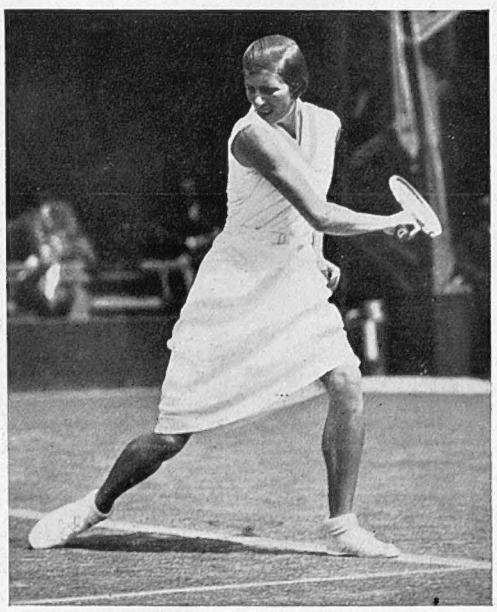


HELEN THE SECOND WINS: Miss Jacobs in play against Mlle Jedrzejowska during their match in the fifth round. The American's chop shots decided the issue



"HE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR . . .": Menzel, the Czechoslovakian, in action against Perry who overwhelmed him by the accuracy of his driving. The champion was in brilliant form

A CHAMPION DETHRONED: Miss J. Hartigan of Australia, who in an exciting match on the Centre Court beat Miss Dorothy Round, the holder of the Singles title



WINNER OF A FIERCELY CONTESTED DUEL: Mme Sperling, of Denmark, who accounted for Miss Kay Stammers after the latter had put up a gallant fight. The score was 7—5, 7—5

Tennis Championship Surpris

Unexpected Results Provide an Exciting Second Week at Wimbledon — The Blighting of England's Hopes in the Women's Singles

Wednesday—not Friday—is Jean Borotra's unlucky day. The last tim played Tilden he produced inspired lawn tennis and went down to d in the fifth set after an Homeric struggle—on a Wednesday. This year— are the mighty fallen: he was not even seeded—he fought the duel of hi —in the shadow of a duel possibly more lethal but surely not more vi against Menzel, top-spinning, hard-hitting Czechoslovakia's No. 1, and down at 9–11 in the fifth set: also on a Wednesday.

I shall be surprised if the final evokes such enthusiasm as the Menzel-Bo match. But, though the gallantry of the Basque remains unimpaired by march of inexorable time; though his volleying is as brilliant as ever; th his interceptions glitter with enchantment, I fear that even in doubles he is the force he has been hitherto.

It used to be a commonplace that anything "in the air" was killed dead if Borotra could get to it. He missed several smashes on the Wednesday. This augurs ill for his partnership with Brugnon whose has ever been the weakest element in his game.

The men's seeding this year has proved something of a sowing on ground. On the first day Wilmer Allison, America's greatest hope, down to unseeded Vivian McGrath of the double-handed backhand. Al partnered by Van Ryn, is still the best hope in the doubles, but he is a singles player. He played Tilden in the final three or four years ago did not get a set.

Christian Boussus did not justify his anticipated place in the last e I watched him extended to a fourth set by Hungary's Puncek (pronou Punch-ek, with the accent, in both senses, on the "Punch"), and th his tennis had charm it had not sufficient force.

Donald Budge, whose flaming hair is yet dimmed by his blazing backh is by far the most electric of the newcomers. He progressed comfortably t last eight, and even to the last four.

The surprise of every Wimbledon is Austin. As one watches him win a m it seems impossible he could ever lose one. The effortless quality o play against a player only slightly his inferior is fantastic to see. I watched last set against Haanes of Norway—who, ironically, is darker than Austin— I have never seen lawn tennis played with more contemptuous assurance.

Now Austin would draw him to the net and pass him with half-a-ya spare; then he would catch him on the wrong foot on the baseline half-a away; next he would himself advance and, intercepting a full-blooded driv it deftly into some unattainable position. Unhurried, unruffled, unexte never hitting hard. The tennis was a revelation. Another player of Au calibre playing against the same opponent would seem to work hard even as easily by the score board.

But Austin losing; what a difference! See him against Vines when he tenth-rate, see him against Budge, and you wonder you ever thought him g

As ever, the most deceptive player in the tournament is J. H. Crawford his square-headed racket. I saw him against Kirby: lazy, assured, and, dur third set, apparently over-confident, but he was justified of his calm. I sa against Hughes, keen-faced giant killer. But though the Englishman, enough tactically speaking, tried every unorthodox stroke in his heterodox toire; though he cut the ball with racket for knife; though he spun the ba a top with stringing for string; though he lobbed and volleyed with sk vicious intensity, the superior strokes and accurate positioning of the Aus won through.

Crawford is unlike Austin; Austin makes one wonder why he does not win—unless he is losing; Crawford makes one wonder why he does not often lose.

The women's seeding has proved—so far—more successful than the The tennis book of form—which is as unreliable as that of racing—nearly bad upset when Mary Hardwick played Madame Mathieu. The Greek-f English girl—Mrs. Whittingstall will have to look to her laurels as the graceful of all players on the court—had a touch of "Centre-Court-itis" served too many doubles in her match against the French stone-waller. were high hopes of an English victory. But Miss Hardwick's inexperience be her into allowing Madame Mathieu to force upon her the type of game at she has no mistress; the long exchange of raking baseline drives. Miss Har lost nearly two yards in length on every shot.

Her game was to break up the French rhythm with drop shots and incu to the net; Madame Mathieu has little speed about the court, and Miss Hardw footwork is a model, and above all to volley. But give Miss Hardwick more years and we shall see what we shall see.

It was a pity that Señorita de Alvarez scratched. She seemed to have down her passion to take every shot on the half-volley—a good thing fo game, a bad for the spectators—and to have solidified her volleying. She on her form against Miss M. A. Thomas, have gone at least to the last eigh

And so we come to the centre of this year's Wimbledon; Helen I, Hel Joan Hartigan, and Mme Sperling. Alas! that Dorothy Round pro incredibly bad form against Miss Hartigan and lost with difficulty (for she hard) a match she should have won with ease. Miss Round had no right beaten; on form the championship was hers.

Joan Hartigan, her conqueror? No one-stroke player ever won the cham ship. Her forehand—drive or flash—is a joy: but it is not enough.

Hilda Sperling, who shall say? The Danish matron of German birth dourest fighter of them all: an iron-wristed, lion-hearted retriever. Long-l she covers the ground in seven-league strides; long-armed she covers the like an octopus. Miss Stammers strove valiantly—though, save for a pu the second set, with neither the virtue of shot nor craft of play of which capable—but the ugly strokes beat the pretty ones, and she strove in vain. not see the laurels going to Mme Sperling.

As champion Helen II—Miss Jacobs—is, I think, out of it. She is to drive instead of to chop; a consummation devoutly to be desired. Miss the greatest chop expert of all time, never won the championship. Bu a bad thing to swop horses in mid-stream—or style of game in the Centre Nancy Lyle, who is better at doubles than singles, ran her to a vantage set.

And so we come to the enigma: Miss "Poker-Face" in real real e Can she do it?

She has unquestionably been lucky. Dorothy Round, who has so beaten her, lies slain by a forehand drive; Kay Stammers, who has beate lies dead of a heart broken by seeing every good shot returned.

There seems no one left who *can* beat her. But . . .

She has been beaten once this year in a straight fight; she has dropped this tournament to an unknown; say what you will, she is not so good was. But she ought to win—now.

G.

WALLING-IN the OUSE

How the Course of the River is Being Confined with a Barrier of Brushwood and Stones in Order to Create a Deeper Navigable Channel for Shipping

AN INGENIOUS EXPEDIENT: Men engaged in making the "wieps" forming part of the giant mattresses of brushwood used in the construction of the mile-long wall at the mouth of the Great Ouse, near King's Lynn, which is being built to confine the waters of the river to a narrower channel and by so doing increase the depth of the water. The method of construction is highly interesting: the "mattresses" are laid in the mud at low tide and are then weighted down with heavy granite boulders which gradually sink the whole structure. More stones are then added until an effective barrier is built up

A SECTION OF THE NEW DYKE DURING THE WORK OF CONSTRUCTION: A view showing how the barrier is being built up of layers of woven brushwood surmounted by granite boulders, each over 100 lb. in weight

STRETCHING OUT INTO THE WASH: A picture illustrating the way in which the wall deepens the channel at the mouth of the Ouse by holding in the water that flows across the "flats." The cost of building will be about £72,000 and the work is being done by a British concern known as the Dredging and Construction Company

ONE OF THE HUGE MATTRESSES OF WOVEN BRUSHWOOD being towed out to the site where it will form the foundation of a section of the wall. It is over 24 yds. long

The highly effective system now being employed for the building of the Great Ouse Wall was also used with great success on the Zuider Zee reclamation scheme. The most important and complicated phase of the work is the weaving of the brushwood mattresses, and before operations could begin in Norfolk the contractors had to bring over a number of "key men" from Holland to train the British labourers in the art. As the pictures on this page show, considerable progress has been made, and there is no doubt that when the barrier is complete it will do much to assist larger boats on the river

Women of MIDDLE EUROPE

SILENT UPON A PEAK: A delightful camera study of a Slav girl of the Carpathians, in the far east of Czechoslovakia, showing her in one of the beautiful hand-worked national costumes that the peasant folk of this region delight to wear. They are an old-fashioned people; the men are golden-haired, bright-eyed, and straight of limb, and they face the world with a spirit—half mischievous, almost rebellious—that seemingly can never be crushed. The women, whose physique is equally outstanding, have inherited a love of beauty and colour that is reflected in their picturesque dress

SUNDAY IN HUNGARY

A young lady of Hungary on her way to church. Note the elaborate headdress and the flowered frock adorned with an elegantly-worked lace collar

This striking looking hat is called "The Hippe" and is worn by the women of St. Georgen in the south of the Black Forest, Germany

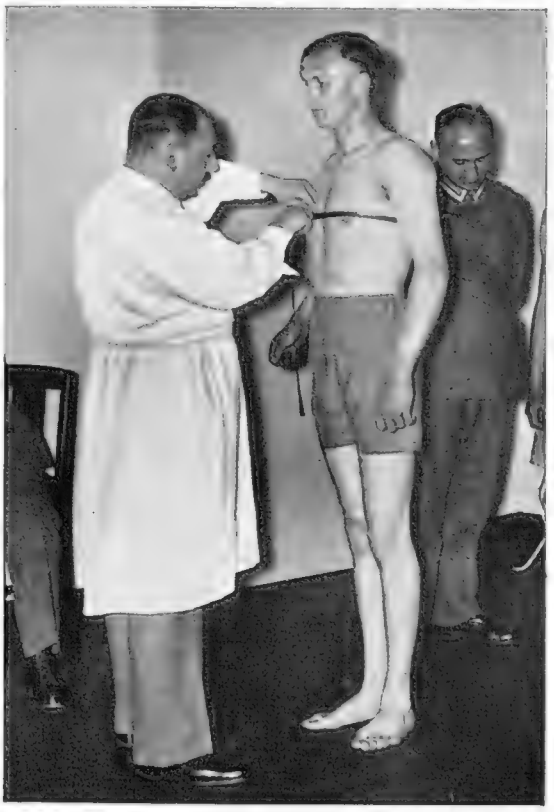
THE GLENGARRY: GERMAN VERSION

Europe Militant

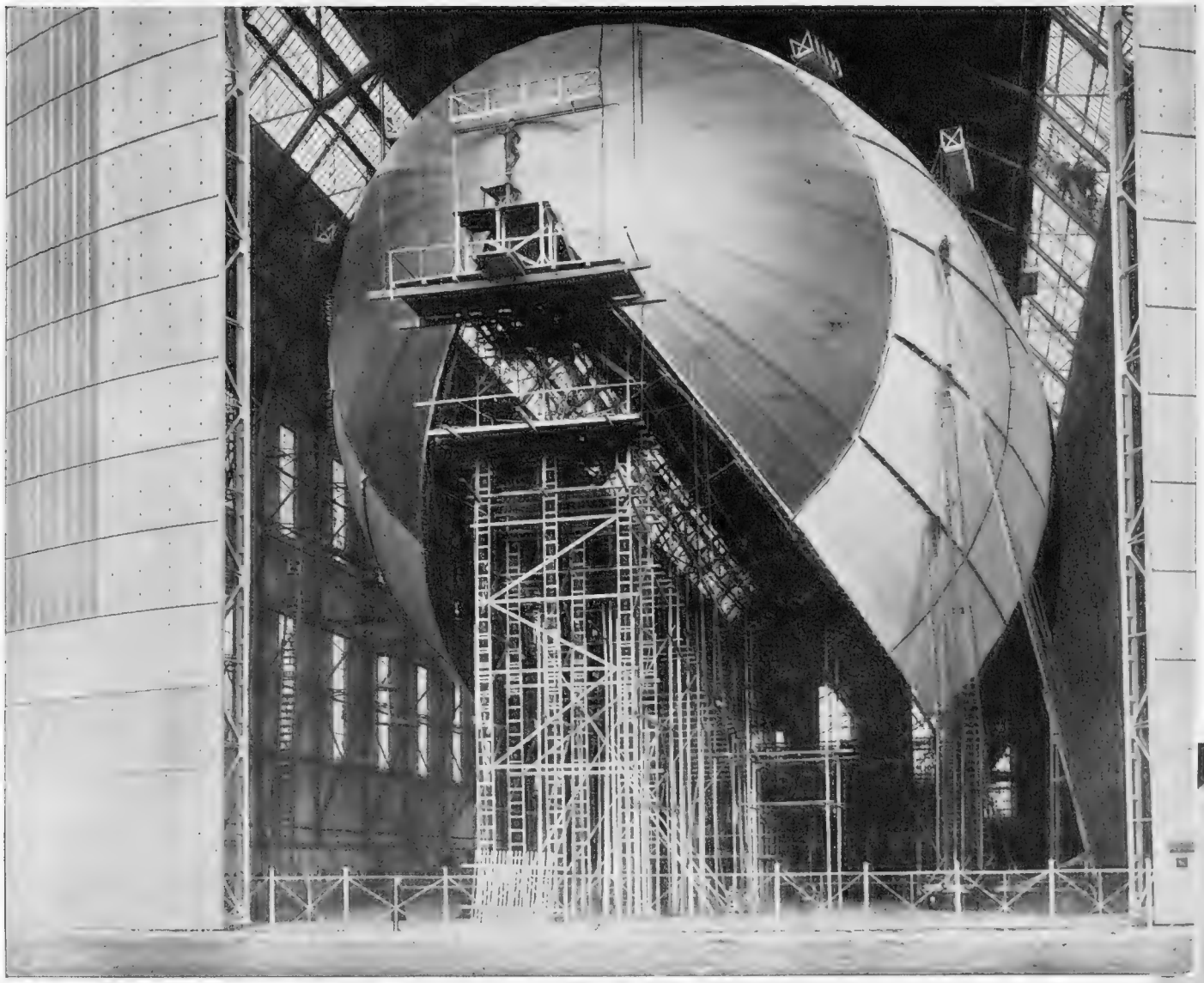
DERBY WEEK IN HAMBURG, during which the Fifth German Cavalry Display was held on the new Turnier Platz, a part of the old racecourse, in the presence of Field-Marshal von Mackensen. Above are officers in pre-war cavalry uniforms

MILITARY MANŒUVRES NEAR ROME, where part of the Italian army, including a number of whippet tanks, was reviewed by General Baistrocchi, the Italian Under-Secretary for War, in readiness for a possible summons to Abyssinia where more soldiers are still needed

"THE END OF THE ABYSSINIANS WILL BE ACHIEVED BY THE FLORENTINE BLACKSHIRTS": A poster at an Italian camp typifying the attitude of volunteers who are training at home before going to Eritrea



ENLARGING THE GERMAN FORCES: 700,000 young men born in 1914 and 1915, while their fathers were at the front, have been conscripted for the new German Army, and are undergoing strict medical tests and intensive athletic training. Even family records are subjected to close inspection for traces of insanity, while notes are taken of the height, weight, and measurements of every recruit. The standard has so far been high: Out of 163 boys inspected at two Berlin centres, it is stated that it was found necessary to reject only three. Many boys are being sent to train in Labour Camps before entering the army



EXEMPLIFYING GERMANY'S FAITH IN THE DIRIGIBLE: Workmen engaged in building-on the envelope during the construction of the *L.Z. 129*, a new and larger airship than the *Graf Zeppelin*, which Dr. Eckener believes will prove to the world the superiority of this type of craft on long-distance trans-ocean air services

GERMANY'S LATEST ANSWER TO CRITICS OF THE AIRSHIP

An Account of the Great New Zeppelin, "L.Z. 129," which is now Taking Shape at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance

BY LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

THE "War in the Air" between airships and flying-boats for supremacy in long trans-ocean passenger, freight, and mail commercial air traffic will shortly be reopened in earnest. This autumn Dr. Hugo Eckener plans to deliver his first heavy offensive in the form of the new Zeppelin, *L.Z. 129*, now being built at Friedrichshafen on Lake Constance.

I have just returned from Friedrichshafen, and have been deeply impressed by the unconcerned, even complacent, manner in which the famous air-skipper is watching the progress and achievements of the heavier-than-air flying machines. Dr. Eckener left hospital only a few days ago, where he had been ill for six weeks. I was very pleasantly surprised to find him looking so well, and so full of spirit.

Land-plane records of utility and service interest him personally, but professionally not at all. He has never admitted the flying-boat as rival of the Zeppelin for trans-ocean commercial traffic. Lighter-than-air enthusiasts concede that the aeroplane is the express-train of the air, whilst vigorously maintaining that airships, with their range, load capacity, and ability to fly by night as well as by day, are the only logical trans-ocean aerial steamers. That might be the flying-boat's province, but so far not even the largest flying-boat has once challenged the *Graf Zeppelin's* record of seventy transatlantic flights with passengers, freight, and mail. Even the recent magnificent flights of the Pan-American Airways' special Sikorsky *S. 42*, from California to Midway Island, almost half-way across the Pacific, have not suggested to Dr. Eckener the probability of serious competition in trans-ocean commercial air traffic.

Behind him stretch the last seven years, during which the *Graf Zeppelin* has flown approximately 702,190 miles in 10,859 hours, having carried 10,940 passengers, some 70,596 lb. of mail, and some 102,094 lb. of freight, without injury to a single passenger, and without loss of one post card.

Before him floats the vision of the new Zeppelin, the strongest and most perfect airship ever turned out at Friedrichshafen. To be followed by more and more and faster and faster Zeppelins, waiting to be materialised from the funds of several actively interested countries, including Holland, with its long air-route to Java, and Japan situated in the vast Pacific Ocean.

The new Zeppelin will be the arbitrator of the fate of lighter-than-air for a long time to come, it is safe to assume. That is why it is so particularly interesting. It is not "just another Zeppelin," but the Phœnix rising from the ashes of the ill-fated *R 101*, the *Akron* and the *Macon*, to confront a sceptical world. With less sentimentality, perhaps, than in the case of the *Graf Zeppelin*, but even more grim determination and purpose, the highly-skilled and practised workmen in Friedrichshafen are busy building an answer to all those who claim that the airship is useless.

To determine America's future policy on airship construction following the disasters to the naval Zeppelins, the *Akron* and the *Macon*, President Roosevelt asked Professor Compton, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to study the question and make a report. Professor Compton, who is President of the Science Board, appointed a sub-committee composed of the following physicist and aerodynamist scientific experts: Professor Durand of the University of Palo Alto, California; Professor Millikin, famous physicist of Pasadena; Dr. von Karman, of Pasadena; Professors Hoogard and de Forest, both of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; Mr. Kettering, Chief Engineer of General Motors, and Dr. Jewett, Chief Engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Professor Durand is the chairman of this special committee. The committee is expected to make its first report this autumn. It is going into every phase of the question of airships of the Zeppelin and similar types.

This time in Friedrichshafen, too, I had an interesting talk with Dr. Karl Arnstein, chief constructing engineer of the Goodyear Zeppelin Company of America, who is in Europe on a visit. A couple of young Americans, Messrs. Dick and Lewis, from the American Goodyear Zeppelin Works have been in Friedrichshafen over a year studying airship construction. They are both engineers. This does not sound as if America is discouraged or has lost interest in Zeppelins.

Interest in airships is awakening even in England, as reflected in articles in the aviation and technical journals, some of them in favour of England re-entering that field.

The *L.Z. 129* embodies the sum of knowledge and experience gained from all the previously constructed airships, and the lessons learned from the successes and failures of lighter-than-air craft in all parts of the world. The principles of general construction are the same as those of the *Graf Zeppelin*, which proved so satisfactory, but both Captain Ernst Lehmann and Knut Eckener who proudly showed me over the airship emphasised the greater strength and improvement in all materials.

AN AERONAUTICAL GENIUS: [illegible] *Zeppelin*, the dirigible which [illegible] recrossed the South Atlantic w[illegible]

Captain Lehmann is now active director of the Luftschiff Zeppelin Reederei—that is, the Airship Traffic Company. He has lost count of his airship flights and mileage, but knows that he has flown more than 1,500,000 kilometres—more airship miles than any other living person to-day. Considerably more than Dr. Eckener himself.

Just over seven years ago I first saw the *Graf Zeppelin* in about the same state of construction, so comparison was simplified. Knut patiently answered my eager questions in the greatest detail, and when once or twice I could not resist regretting some feature of the *Graf* he smiled in his peculiarly gentle manner and said, "The pioneering days are over. I think we also feel the same about the *Graf Zeppelin*, those wonderful first flights, the adventure of them, the anxiety and joy, the romance and thrill. But they, after all, were only a preliminary to this . . ." A maze of duralumin spars and girders, amongst which the hundred odd workmen were lost.

The new Zeppelin is 248 metres long, and 42 metres in diameter at the thickest part. The entire framework is much stronger and heavier than that of the *Graf*. An innovation is the close lacing of wire and thread between the metal, to which the fabric covering will be more firmly attached, and prevent that "billowing" effect sometimes quite noticeable on the *Graf Zeppelin*.

The fabric and dope are also improvements on the original, more weather-resisting. A portion of the 28,000 square metres of fabric is already in place.

The four motor gondolas, each one as big as an aeroplane fuselage, are not yet attached to the Zeppelin. In each will be mounted a 16-cylinder Daimler Benz Diesel oil motor, developing 1,200-h.p. at full revs., but 900-h.p. throttled down to 80 or 81 m.p.h. cruising speed. I have never seen a more beautiful motor.

The stern of the new Zeppelin is strengthened by three extraordinarily strong cruciform supports, supporting the frame vertically and horizontally, spaced a little more than one bay apart.

As I was examining a specially complicated and intriguing joint in the last girder ring, where the fin enters the main structure of the ship, Knut told me that it had taken 300 working hours to assemble.

"It *is* difficult to make people understand why an aircraft takes so long to build," he assented to my comment. "But if you like facts and figures, work out how many hours it will have taken to fix the 7,000,000 or 8,000,000 rivets which will be in the completed ship. One at a time, of course."

"By hand?" I asked.

"Not all. Some with this tool I made for the job," he replied diffidently.

Knut Eckener is very modest and reserved. It takes quite a time to get to know him, and a long time after that to surprise him now and then into admissions or demonstrations of his talents. Knut was the hero of the first Atlantic flight in 1928. On the last lap of the Round-the-World flight in 1929, he saved the airship with full complement of crew and passengers over Los Angeles, by his presence of mind in hurdling its 776 ft. over high tension wires. Young as he is, he is to-day in charge of the assembly and erection of the Zeppelin, a position of the gravest responsibility.

The deadweight of the new Zeppelin, which by the way, is still unnamed, is 100 tons. Loaded, it is estimated that it will weigh 220 tons. The radius of the airship with a crew of forty odd, fifty passengers, and their baggage, 60 tons of heavy oil, and 25 metric tons of mail and freight, will be 8,000 miles. That means that the new Zeppelin will be able to fly non-stop from its base in Germany to Rio de Janeiro.

The lifting gas capacity is 7,300,000 cubic ft. Hydrogen will be used at first until helium is available. The gas will be contained in sixteen ballonets, made of synthetic gold-beaters' skin. The *Graf Zeppelin* at first used real gold-beaters' skin for its thirteen ballonets, but this was not entirely satisfactory, and very expensive. Later, a synthetic product was substituted which proved more gas-tight, and much cheaper. So this same material will be used on the *L.Z. 129*. I remember on the first flights of the *Graf* that one man's time seemed to be fully occupied going round and smelling out gas-leaks. Highly-inflammable hydrogen gas-leaks at that, too.

The 60 tons of oil will be contained in twenty-five tanks, each tank holding $2\frac{1}{2}$ metric tons. There will be water tanks as well in place of the bags on the *Graf*. I thought one advantage of the water bags was the fact that water ballast could be jettisoned in emergency with great rapidity, but Knut assured me that the tanks could be emptied in 48 seconds. Ten tons of water will be carried, but in just how many tanks it is not yet decided.

Apropos of the water supply on the ship, extremely interesting experiments are being made with an apparatus for extracting water from the atmosphere. The chemical element for obtaining moisture from the air is known as "Gel," in other words, silicium dioxide—SiO_2. Knut explained the operation in great detail. One spoonful of Gel will spread itself over a tremendous area, something like 430 square metres if I remember correctly, and attract that same area of moisture, which through processes of condensation is transformed into water, distilled water. It is likely that a two-ton apparatus for this purpose will be installed in the Zeppelin, capable of producing about 100 gallons of water per hour. That means, one supposes, that all or much of the ten tons of water ballast could be dispensed with at the take-off. The ship in that case would be that much lighter, and able to carry a proportionately increased amount of freight. Water ballast, and the continual supplies of water required could be "manufactured" from the air in the air.

There seems to be no end to the wonderful innovations on this airship. In addition to all the latest navigation instruments, including a big gyro-compass with repeaters in different parts of the ship, they are replacing the well-known echologue with what could be called a "whistling altimeter." This is an instrument to ascertain the height of the Zeppelin above sea or land, especially useful at night or in fog. The instrument emits a shrill whistle, the echo of which returns from the surface of the land or sea over which the Zeppelin is travelling, and records the altitude in metres on a dial in the navigating room. It is practical even in the densest fog, and together with some other instruments now being developed, makes possible the landing of the airship in black night or in thick fog. This same instrument, the "whistling altimeter," is also combined with a barometer to measure air pressure. This will make it easier for the navigators aboard the Zeppelin to draw their own weather maps.

The *L.Z. 129* is to have the most powerful electric plant of any so far built into an airship. It will be needed, too, because yet another addition to aid night-flying is to be a 5,500,000 candle-power searchlight, which directed downwards will enable the navigator to use the drift-meter by night as well as by day. The airship will have a long-range wireless station for both long- and short-wave transmission. Two-way telephoning between the airship in flight, land stations, and steamers at sea will also be experimented.

The control cabin, which contains the "bridge" and navigation rooms, and the passenger accommodation, are quite differently planned and situated from those on the *Graf Zeppelin*. On the *Graf*, officers, crew and passengers shared the space in the gondola underneath and outside the main structure of the bow. Passengers had only one saloon, which served all purposes. Doors fore and aft of this saloon led respectively to the control cabin, wireless room and kitchen, and to the passengers' cabins, wash-rooms; and beyond that to the crew's quarters inside the body of the Zeppelin, all on the same level.

The new Zeppelin is much more ambitious. The control cabin is underneath, in an outside gondola and well fore, quite isolated from the passengers' department. On the *Graf*, the passengers used to crowd into the control cabin to enjoy watching the navigation, often somewhat to the annoyance of the navigating officers, who, however, invariably did their best courteously to conceal their feelings. When they had a specially ticklish bit of navigating to do, the door between the saloon and the control room would be shut, and the passengers would think themselves rather hardly done by. There will be nothing of this on the *L.Z. 129*, because an invitation to the control cabin will be as great a privilege as an invitation to the bridge on one of the huge ocean liners.

The lower deck contains the electric kitchen, the crew's mess, and the smoking room, which will seat twenty-five people, allowing room for many more standing to look out of the sloping windows. Arranging a smoking room in a hydrogen airship is not the easiest matter. But the swing doors have been planned to keep the smoking-room completely free from any air outside it. Ventilation has been arranged so that a

(*Continued on p. 34*)

Hug· von Eckener (*right*) looking from a cabin window in the *Graf* designed. and in which, during the past few years, he has crossed and such amazing regularity and such commendable lack of incident

IN A WORLD ABOVE THE CLOUDS: The *Graf Zeppelin* seen at the start of one of her many voyages to South America. The fact that she has seldom been in difficulties is said to be partly due to her commander's skill in flying round and above storms

Whither America?

A Letter from Washington in which a Correspondent of "The Sphere" Stresses the Serious State of Affairs that has Arisen Following Two Years of Unparalleled Government Expenditure and Following the Declaration that NRA is Unconstitutional

Basic changes in the Constitution of the United States may be the result of the action of the United States Supreme Court in declaring the NRA to be unconstitutional.

President Roosevelt has already indicated that he will advocate such changes, and that he will make the adoption of such changes a major issue of the presidential campaign of 1936.

As a matter of fact, the attempt to make such changes may be made during the present session of Congress, which is now not likely to adjourn before September 1.

Among the reasons for making the attempt now must be included the Washington summer, which is almost second to none in its ferocity. Washington summers have had as much effect on the history of American legislation as any other one factor. As a rule, Congress will agree to anything, in order to adjourn before the heat sets in.

The changes that the President has in mind are undoubtedly changes designed to equip the Government to deal with social and economic problems as well as political problems. If they are made, they will be made in order that Congress may lawfully vest in the President the kind of powers he exercised under NRA.

Such changes in the constitution will really amount to a change in the United States' form of government, which is not a small thing. In order to explain why such a momentous step should be contemplated, it may be well to describe the situation, and the prospect for the future, as follows:

When President Roosevelt was inaugurated in March, 1933, and embarked immediately on a vigorous and promising course, the people were convinced that they had found the leadership they sought to deliver them out of the hands of the depression. That they had not is only in part the fault of the President.

There is little doubt that, if the NRA had been tested in the Supreme Court at the time that it was enacted, it would have been found to be constitutional. The country was on the brink of economic chaos and red revolution. If Hoover had been re-elected, the country would have had both. But Roosevelt was elected, and with a few summary Acts and a few glittering phrases he had captured the imagination of the whole people. It is no reflection on the Supreme Court to express doubt that any institution would have moved to frustrate Roosevelt's slightest wish in the early days of 1933. He alone stood between the whole country and complete collapse.

The subsequent history of NRA strongly implies that its failure was not due to inherent weakness so much as to the fact that it was, strictly speaking, unconstitutional, and could be challenged. There was no lawful place for it, or for any other similar instrument of government, within the general framework of the constitution as it now exists. And this incompatibility does not appear to derive so much from any technical violations, or from any discrepancies of procedure, as it does from the subject-matter with which NRA sought to deal and the purposes it sought to accomplish.

Had the President been free to pursue his chosen course all might have been well. But, in the light of the decision of the Supreme Court he was not free to do the things or to employ the methods contemplated by NRA. He was not, and is not, free to do the things or employ the methods that may be necessary to solve the problems created by the rise of industrialism and modern finance, by the world war, by the gilded age of American prosperity that followed the war.

THE PRESIDENT REBUFFED: Mr. Roosevelt addressing the jointly assembled members of the Senate and the House of Representatives when delivering his Message vetoing the Patman Soldiers' Bonus Bill. Little more than half-an-hour after his departure, amid cheers the House had voted by a large majority to over-ride his veto

The question has been raised as to what would be the attitude of the framers of the American constitution if they could return to the American scene to-day. In most respects any answer to this question is as pointless as the question itself, both because no answer to such a question can be verified and because it doesn't make any difference what their attitude would be. But this very fact sheds considerable light on the problem that confronts the American people—the dilemma of fidelity to their historic constitution and practical wisdom in dealing with current social and economic problems.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE KINGFISH: Mr. Huey Long, of Louisiana, seen outside the Capitol at Washington after making a speech that endured for nearly 15½ hours in an effort to obstruct the passage through the Senate of the emergency NRA resolution designed to extend the life of the Structural Framework Act. This non-stop exhibition of showmanship was not quite a record, as in May, 1908, Mr. La Follette, of Wisconsin, held the floor for 18 hrs. 33 mins., but Senator Long's effort was sufficiently drawn out to fray the tempers of the majority of his fellow legislators

The men who framed the constitution belonged definitely to the eighteenth century. They were part of the same movement that produced Voltaire, that contributed to the spread of rationalism, that set a new value on individual liberty and personal rights, that propagated the idea of democratic sovereignty, and that created a new hostility to royalty and nobility. The result was that these men were concerned with a principle, or a philosophy, of government rather than with an economic problem.

The taxes against which the American colonists had rebelled with their Boston tea-party had not furnished cause for grave economic concern. Other British colonists had paid the same taxes, or the same kind of taxes, without murmur and without hardship. Here it was the principle of representative government only that was at stake.

And, on the other hand, the colonists were surrounded by an unexploited wilderness of great wealth. There was little reason to fear a depression when about all that one needed was a gun, an axe, and a dog in order to make a fortune.

It is therefore not beyond the bounds of plausibility to suppose that the American constitution does not contemplate the exercise of any large economic function by Government. It accepts, tacitly, at least, the common point of view of the American business man that economic function is reserved to private business enterprise; and, although this theory has been modified with the passing years, it is still influential.

The American of 1933, however, found himself in a state of mind entirely different from that of the framers of the constitution. He had ceased to value a liberty that left him hungry, homeless, penniless, and unemployed. When Hoover enunciated the principle of "rugged individualism," the American sneered, and declared that what he really meant was "ragged individualism." He voted to elect Roosevelt with the demand that the President do something about the economic situation.

That demand not only still exists to-day, but it is stronger than it was when it was first made, although Roosevelt is not nearly so popular as he was. But his loss of popularity does not proceed from his exercise of unconstitutional powers. The people who are opposed to the New Deal now were opposed to it when it was inaugurated. The other people in whose sight the President has fallen from grace are the followers of Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Dr. F. E. Townsend, and Upton Sinclair, and such radical Republicans as Senator Borah of Idaho, Norris of Nebraska, La Follette of Wisconsin, and Johnson of California, all of whom want the President to do more, rather than less. That the President's other source of growing unpopularity is to be found among the world war veterans who resent his veto of the soldiers' bonus likewise indicates that what the people demand of the Government is a larger exercise of economic function.

That this will be the outcome may be taken as a practically foregone conclusion. In the first place, the condition of the United States is far more serious than anyone cares to admit. After two years of unparalleled Governmental expenditures in behalf of recovery there is still no solution visible.

In the second place, the President himself has become increasingly conscious of a need for increased powers. He began with an earnest effort to share powers; but experience has forced him gradually to gather most of those powers to himself.

Congress manifestly could not be trusted. No one ever really supposed that it could be. In the matter of disbursing funds, it is well known that the average Congressman is intellectually incapable of considering anything but where the expenditure of funds will assure him the most votes the next time he runs for office.

Even more indicative of the way the course must run, however, is the attitude that has been taken by American business men, including many bitter opponents of NRA, since the Act was declared null and void. These men now propose to do voluntarily what they resented being required to do as a matter of law. To a very large extent, they propose to maintain NRA principle and practice.

On two points they are practically unanimous in their indorsement of NRA. One is that there should be no reduction of wages. The other is that there should be no revival of child labour. In the matter of hours, they are almost certainly going to introduce adjustments to meet the special problems of certain businesses. And it is almost certain that small businesses and new businesses will be allowed considerable latitude.

The future of the United States, therefore, apparently waits on a new definition of its form of government. Two years of recovery effort have served only to indicate what is apparently necessary to effect recovery. It is truer to-day than ever before, as far as the United States is concerned, that the future is unpredictable.

TRAPPING AND LUMBERING IN CANADA

Modern Methods in Two of the Dominion's Principal Industries

HOW THE AEROPLANE IS PLAYING A VITAL PART IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ISOLATED NORTHERN SETTLEMENTS: Pilot F. B. Barager, of Canadian Airways Ltd., with a load of furs which he brought in his machine to railhead from a Northern Ontario fur post

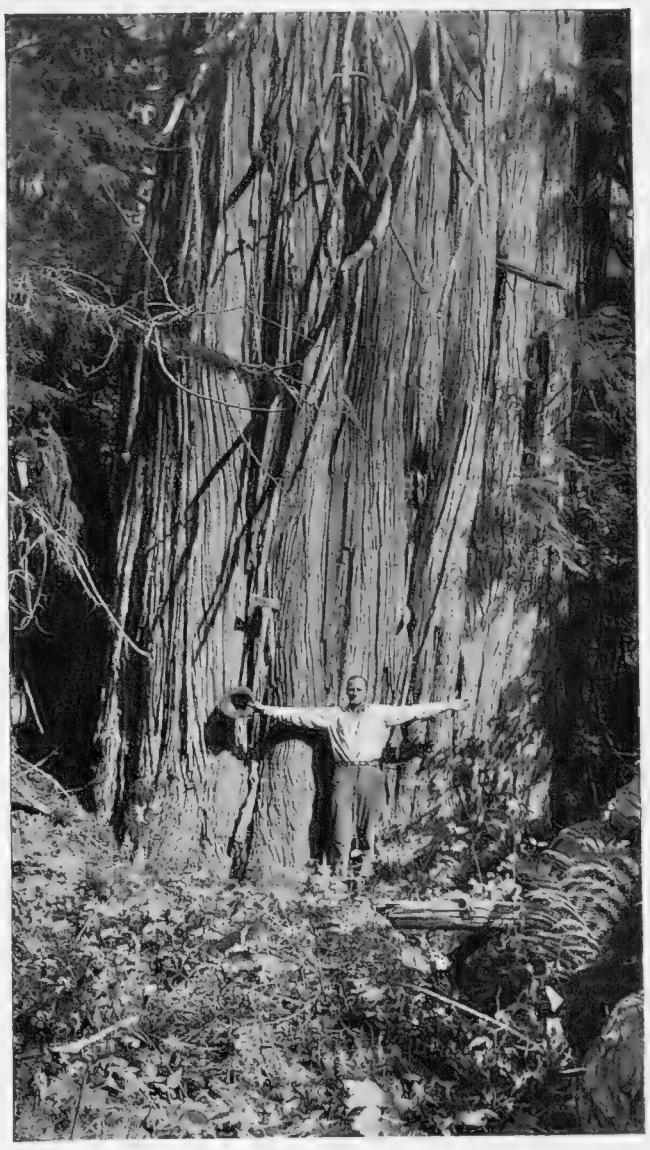
TRAPPERS ON TREK NEAR A LONELY ONTARIO FUR POST: Marching from trap to trap with their dog sled as they collect the skins which will later be taken to the market by 'plane

Extreme left.—RETURN IN TRIUMPH: A couple of Indian trappers of the Northern Territories seen outside their cabin with their catch of beaver and white fox furs

On left.—IN THE CAPITAL OF THE FAR NORTH: Bales of white fox furs ready to be despatched by 'plane from Coppermine, the township near the Arctic Circle that has suddenly grown up as the result of the discovery of radium in large quantities on the shores of Great Bear Lake

LUXURY IN THE BACKWOODS OF VANCOUVER ISLAND: Over 300 men are employed in this modern logging camp, which consists of a series of bunk-houses mounted on flat railway wagons, thus making it possible for the whole camp to be moved to a new scene of operations at short notice. Each house is equipped with electric light and some of them even have private baths and showers

THE MECHANIZED LUMBER INDUSTRY: Only a few decades ago oxen were employed to transport the timber felled on Vancouver Island, but now engines on privately-owned railways carry out the work at much less cost and in a fraction of the time. *On right*—A giant red cedar found on the shores of Comox Lake, Vancouver Island. It has a diameter of fifteen feet at the base, a maximum circumference of forty-seven feet, and its estimated age is two thousand years



A TRICKY JOB ON A BRITISH GUIANA RIVER: Three ropes, two in front and one at the stern, are employed to help a boat up through the rapids and over a rock ledge. A picture taken during a recent journey through the jungle made by Mr. William La Varre, author of the accompanying article

SHRIMPS PREFERRED

A Narrative Setting Forth the Limitations of the Brawny, and the Virtues of the Lean and Wiry, in Jungle Work

"What are you taking that shrimp for?" Big Boy snickered as he watched the uneasy haste with which a five-foot four American tried to get as safe a spot as possible in the second jungle cargo canoe. "He won't last a month!" Big Boy was very big and very strong. He was proud of his muscles, so proud of them that he entertained the giant black paddlers every time he got a chance with feats of muscle quivering splendour.

"I need a good auditor" I said. I was getting a little fed up with this bombastic exposition of the glory of physical culture. I had never taken a sitting up exercise in my life and still I managed to go on able-bodiedly about my business of exploring deeper and deeper into the equatorial jungles of Brazilian Guiana wilderness. Big Boy was one of six collegiates, who, having been graduated by universities who ceased all further interest in them, and the world being at that moment cold and jobless, had signed on excitedly as field assistants, to manage five of my jungle diamond and gold trading posts. Chinamen did the actual buying and selling across the high counters, but I wanted one young white man at each outpost for honesty's sake. "The Shrimp," as Big Boy had christened him the first day out, had the hardest job of all; he had to travel from station to station, setting up book-keeping methods, and then make monthly rounds checking the entries and inventories. I admit that I took him on with some little uneasiness. He was as thin as a bunch of sticks, had spent most of his life examining bank books. Just about 100 per cent. the kind of physique all the books make fun of. But there was a fire in his eyes, and I've learned to go by people's eyes.

"What college did he go to?" Big Boy asked. "None!" I exploded. "From now on you cut this jeering out! He's got a job to do, and you've got a job to do. Let's see you do it!" I was glad that "The Shrimp" was in one of the other boats so he didn't have to hear the comments; he was such a silent soul and seemed full of embarrassment whenever his size was mentioned. I like a lot of good-humoured kidding on difficult expeditions. It has a tendency to let men, cut off from civilization, blow off steam innocently. But all the kidding being aimed at "The Shrimp" made things too lopsided for a peaceful voyage. I'd have to do something about it.

But before I had hit upon an idea old man river came to my assistance. We had just fought through one stretch of foaming rapids and were eddying up behind a sheltering midstream rock to get a few breathing moments before attacking the second series. Big Boy was perched majestically on top of a lot of midship cargo. Thinking the boat was safe behind the rock he stood up and yawned. He started one of his famous 7-ft. stretches. But he never finished it. The boat creeping up behind the sheltering rock bumped against an intervening submerged rock. Slight as the bump was it was enough to throw Big Boy overboard. The swirling, sucking cross current did the rest. Head over heels he would have been dashed into the bone-breaking rocks below had not one of the blacks slung the loop of the life line over his shoulder and dived into the maelstrom after the white man. He brought him up gasping, and while some of the paddlers kept the heavily ladened boat safely behind the sheltering boulder, as many as could be spared hauled in the half-drowned exponent of brawn. "I lost my balance!" he gasped as he was yanked into the boat.

"You bet you did!" I said unsympathetically. "You'd have lost more than that if it hadn't been for Cæsar's quick thinking. When you get the water out of your nose you'd better thank him." I looked over into the next boat. There was just the faintest trace of a tickled little smile in "The Shrimp's" eyes. He turned them away hastily and went on blowing his weird tunes on the glittering harmonica which almost incessantly, during the battle with the rapids, was at his lips. It was like whistling in the dark, I thought. He was so scared of the fighting water that he dug his feet under the duffle ropes, nestled as low as possible in the boat, closed his eyes, and puffed out his excitement through the melodious instrument. But at least he never fell overboard. No; and as days went on he became a great favourite with all the blacks. He played music, and music from a handsome harmonica was something that they could understand. They would squat around listening to him at night for as long as he would humour them by playing.

As years go by I hear a lot about the physical requirements for explorers. The world somehow believes that size and stamina go together. A big, strong man in the city is nice to look at; so, in the jungle, where there's hardship and danger, a big, strong man will be a nice thing to have with one.

My experience and observation has proved just the opposite to be true. Give me a lean man for a hard tramp! Digging into my journals I come upon, with reference to size and utility, the following highlights:

July 10th.—Big Boy, trying to show up "The Shrimp" who was scared to go swimming in the river, jumped in and swam across to the opposite shore. The flies bit him so badly he had to jump in and swim right back. On the way he was attacked by a school of perai fish. Some of the blacks dropped their work and rushed out in one of the boats. He was badly bleeding when pulled from the water.

July 13th.—Unlucky Friday, the 13th, for us. Big Boy so badly infected from perai wounds that we had to camp all day and work over him with antiseptics.

July 16th.—A series of very bad rapids necessitated portaging all the supplies and boats overland. Big Boy unable to walk. Had to be carried by two of the blacks.

July 23rd.—Big Boy, now able to walk, seems to have something the matter with his stomach; can't keep any of his food down.

July 28th.—While going across the new portage around the last bad rapids Big Boy caught his foot in a root and fell over a log. One ankle badly sprained, necessitating cutting off his new zipper boots (zipper refused to zip).

July 30th.—Big Boy, trying to hobble around tent on one leg lost his balance, fell against tent and ripped it loose from guy ropes. Tent badly damaged.

September 20th.—Ready to raise beams for Post No. 2 to-day, but Indian arrived in woodskin with message from Station, saying that Big Boy went into jungle on a hunting trip on September 15, and hasn't been heard of since. He was asked to take an Indian guide, but refused, saying it was unnecessary. Have to delay completing No. 2 and go back to No. 1 and look for him.

September 21st.—Half-way down river to No. 1 came upon some Indians. They had Big Boy in their canoe. He was a terrible looking sight. All swollen up with insect bites. Starved. Is running high temperature. Decided it is better to take him up the river with me than to leave him back at No. 1. Sent Indians down river to get his clothes.

September 25th.—Big Boy very sick. Unable to keep quinine on his stomach; have to give injections.

October 1st.—Post No. 2 finished and ready to move on. Taking Big Boy with me in a stretcher.

October 15th.—Big Boy, in spite of all our medicines is not recovering. Fever re-occurs every other day. Suffers bilious attacks in between. Taking Big Boy on up river.

October 25th.—Post No. 4 should do a big business, but Big Boy useless, as planned, to leave in charge. Tried to pep him up with iron, strychnine, and arsenic compound, but it might as well have been water.

November 5th.—All work on No. 5 stopped to-day on account of more Big Boy trouble. Began crying last night. Knows he's going to die. Wants to go down river. Makes no attempt at all to pull himself together. Had to tie him up this morning when he was delirious.

November 10th.—Decided this morning to empty out one of boats and send it down to the coast with what's left of the strong man. "The Shrimp," who's worked like a Trojan, volunteers to go down with him, but sending the blacks down as paddlers will cripple the work. Big Boy blubbers about going to die unless he gets to civilization in a hurry, and the next moment crying that he'll never be able to "protect" himself in the rapids. The idea of shooting the falls seems to scare what's left of the life out of him. "Tie him up!" I said to "The Shrimp" "if he starts causing any trouble in the rapids." Black boys very much disgusted at having to make the river trip just when things are ready for them to take part in the diamond prospecting. Had to promise them a big bonus providing they get Big Boy safely to the coast. (Otherwise, being less restrained than I, they might throw him in the river!)

Almost two months later "The Shrimp" fought his way back up through the miles of rapids and arrived at Post No. 1, where we were all gathered celebrating the completion of the whole series of trading posts. You'd have thought that he had just stepped out of one of his own sheltered vaults. He had another small young fellow with him. "Who's your friend?" I said as I hugged his slender shoulders.

"I hope you wont mind," he stuttered. "He was a steward on a boat. Never been in the jungle before. I figured we'd need an extra assistant."

"Name's Jenkins, sir!" the ex-steward put in eagerly. "Not much to look at, sir, but always able to stand on me own two legs."

"Before you were a steward," I said, noticing his bow legs, "you were a jockey, hey?"

"Yes, sir, I used to ride the horses."

"Well, a man who can ride horses can ride the jungle. Come aboard."

William La Varre

ECHOES FROM TWO STRICKEN AREAS

Quetta and the Gran Chaco

THE HILLS NEAR QUETTA ENVELOPED IN CLOUDS OF DUST, the result of numerous landslides caused by one of the earthquake shocks. A remarkable picture taken from the railway (opposite Murdah) on June 2, which also shows some of the passengers who quickly left a train at the first tremor to seek safety in the open

IN THE KANDAHARI BAZAAR: A picture that reveals an interesting feature of the Quetta disaster, namely, that telegraph posts in practically all cases remained upright except where they were borne down by falling masonry. *Below on right*—Quetta's wrecked station, in which all the railway officials except one were killed. The lines, however, were hardly damaged at all, a fact which would seem to indicate that the earthquake was of the nature of a quiver that shook buildings down but did not actually rend the earth

A BUILDING THAT WITHSTOOD THE SHOCK: The rear of Sandeman Hall, Quetta, which was cracked, but remained upright

The following letter, which recently appeared in *The Times*, was written by a subaltern to his mother on the day following the Quetta earthquake, and gives one of the most graphic personal accounts of the disaster that has yet been published. "At about 3 a.m.," he wrote, "we struck the main road and started our homeward journey. My experience was that I suddenly realized the road was subsiding. A second before this happened, the whole column had stopped dead as if they had a premonition! Then there was a concerted rush for the side, but that was no use, because the trees seemed to be sweeping down towards us. Then the telegraph poles began to perform the most amazing evolutions—wires whining overhead as they broke, and sparks from them running along the side of the road. It then dawned on me what was happening, and I dashed back to the road, and the whole of the surface of the ground turned into a rough sea. Two huge waves, just like Atlantic rollers, travelled along the road."

THE LAST DAYS OF A THREE-YEAR STRUGGLE FOR A SEMI-SWAMP: Two pictures taken on the Bolivian side of the lines in the Gran Chaco shortly before the agreement was reached between the representatives of Bolivia and Paraguay in Buenos Aires on June 9 and the two nations ceased fighting. *Left*—A party with a giant searchlight used for spotting enemy 'planes. *Right*—An anti-aircraft gun at work in the jungle near Villa Montes, scene of some of the fiercest engagements of the war

THE GREAT

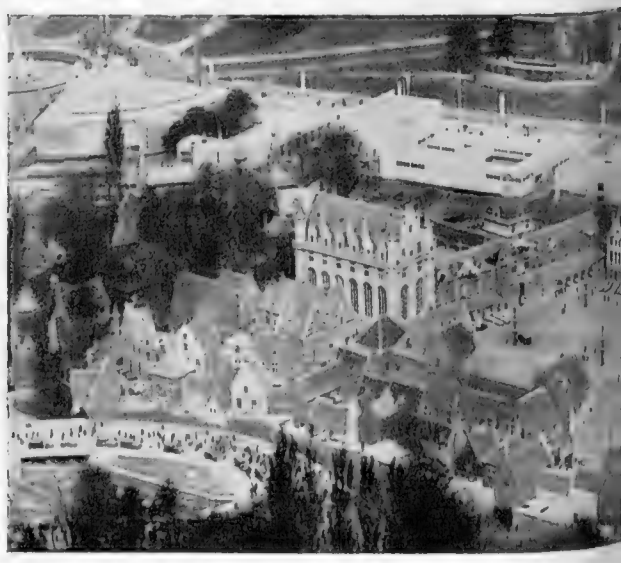
A Vast Display Dealing u

ILLUMINATING THE NIGHT SKY: A picture, taken during a firework display in the Place d'Honneur, showing in the background the magnificent Grand Palais, a permanent structure of concrete, and the most important of the many exhibition buildings. It is built in the modern manner, and has a length of 500 ft.

DUSK IN THE PLACE D'HONNEUR: Illumina
Brussels and adjoining the royal park of L
opening of the first Belgian railway, but th
of the 140 or more buildings to gain a very

VIEWED FROM
THE CLOUDS

THE FLOODLIT BRITISH PAVILION WITH ITS SEARCHLIGHTS PLAYING: This building, which was officially opened in May by Sir Esmond Ovey, the British Ambassador, is dedicated to the people of Belgium "in recognition of 100 years of friendship." The Duke and Duchess of York arranged to pay a visit there last Monday, and to attend a ball in the evening with the King and Queen of the Belgians. The two pictures on the right illustrate what many people regard as the most fascinating feature of the exhibition, namely, a faithful full-scale reproduction of some of the streets in Brussels as they were in the opening years of the eighteenth century. Note the man with the antiquated barrel organ and the quaint headgear



RUSSELS EXHIBITION

Nearly Every Phase of Social and Industrial Life

[illegible]ntains in the heart of the grounds which occupy a 250-acre site just outside [illegible] The primary object of this vast exhibition is to celebrate the centenary of the [illegible]y is not by any means confined to travel and transport, and it is possible in a tour [illegible]icture of the present state of advancement in practically every field of endeavour

An aerial picture showing the Place d'Honneur, the Grand Palais (*right background*), and (*in foreground*) the Pavilion of Catholic Life where a series of displays is being held to depict the activities of the Church

PARADING BEFORE THEIR FUTURE KING: Young members of the Red Cross Society marching past the Grand Palais where they were watched by Prince Baudouin son of King Leopold and Queen Astrid and heir to the Belgian throne. With the four-year-old Crown Prince was his elder sister Princess Josephine

A STAR ATTRACTION: Scottish reel dancers performing in front of the British Pavilion during British week which began officially on June 26 but unofficially on the 24th, when H.M. sloops *Halcyon* and *Skipjack* arrived in the port of Brussels. During the week bands of the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders gave concerts and took part in a torchlight march, while Sir Thomas Beecham conducted the London Philharmonic Orchestra in the Palais des Beaux Arts

WHIPSNADE BY NIGHT

"—— AND SO TO BED"

Theresa, from her lofty perch, looks down on Teddy Major who, exhausted by his nocturnal activities, is settling down for a good night's rest

IN these days of standardised unimaginative entertainment—cinemas, theatres, restaurants, dance clubs, and an occasional prize fight, it is pleasant to find something entirely unusual to break the monotony. So let me recommend to you a visit to Whipsnade at night. It takes only an hour by car from London. The thing to do is to dine at Whipsnade, where you have a first-class meal in a first-class restaurant with windows opening on to the home paddock. As dinner proceeds, fallow deer, cranes, and even the wild Chillingham white cattle meander by for a bit of toast or a lump of sugar.

Whipsnade is open every night until lighting-up time, which at the moment is round about ten o'clock. This means that it is possible to see all the wild animals in the lovely dusk. Many of them become alert and active — especially in the summer — only when night is beginning to fall. Let me remind you, however, that Whipsnade is 700 feet above sea level, so do not go scantily clad. Also, bring a torch light or flash lamp if you have one. It is a rare asset. In the wolves' wood particularly, the eyes of the wild creatures blaze like headlights in the beam of the flash lamp.

NIGHT WATCHMEN: A pair of ostriches whose comic and rather artless faces rise suddenly from the long grass

There are at least 1,500 wild animals, as well as wild birds at Whipsnade. Every day more are being added. It may be a couple of camels going down on motor floats. It may be a brace of giraffes, whose route has to be negotiated with great care. A full-grown giraffe is 14 ft. tall. Add a couple of feet for the floor of the lorry, and perhaps a foot for clearance, and then you realise that numbers of detours round railway bridges are essential. There are no chamois at Whipsnade. Time and again they have been ordered from Switzerland but foot and mouth disease has prevented their arrival. The last effort made to acquire them by the kindly offices of the Swiss Minister in London was remarkable fatal. The chamois was being flown in the last aeroplane of the season from Switzerland. Unfortunately there was a mist; the aeroplane struck the mountain side, and pilot, assistant pilot, and chamois were all dashed to death.

Whipsnade is full of incident. There are, for example, four wombats. There used to be five. The fifth escaped. Nothing was heard of him for four months until one of the Hertfordshire hunts made a remarkable kill. Even the hounds stared in wild surprise when the corpse of the kill was revealed. So did the members of the Hunt. The Master, however, did not lose his head. "This," he said, "is undoubtedly a Bedfordshire badger." Actually it was Willy the Wombat, a hairy marsupial from Australia.

One of the pleasures of feeding the sarus crane at dinner time is to watch the way it swallows its food. This goes down the back of its neck until finally it spirals round to the chest. As night falls, you can see from your dinner table the nilghai. If you then walk out, as we did, round the gardens, you see the flamingoes outlined in the pool against the setting sun, with the cattle egrets already roosting in the small trees just beyond. The black swan with her two broods (she and her mate were fed up with the spring and had another go) swims placidly round. More sarus cranes make an appearance. They have perhaps the biggest span of wings of any bird—with the result that two of them made a circuit on the high tension wire half-a-mile away and in consequence were electrocuted.

Even the pools at Whipsnade have a fascinating history. They are all dew-ponds made, I fancy, by the last dew-pond maker in England, Mr. Tom Smith of Lambourne, Berkshire. He charges £25 for a 30 ft. dew-pond; but once one

A First Pictorial Record of a Nocturnal Walk Among the Lions, Bears, and Wolves

By CHARLES GRAVES

(Pictures by William Davis)

"NOW THE HUNGRY LION ROARS AND THE WOLF BEHOWLS THE MOON": The versatile camera has caught the Whipsnade wolves on their restless night beat, and, the brilliant gleam of their eyes between the pine trunks. But the lions *(on left)*, stretched out in calm, heraldic positions, suggest mild awareness rather than a hunting thirst for blood, as they gaze into the darkness, in melancholy

of his dew-ponds has been filled with water it never empties, even during a drought like that of last year.

Let us make the circuit of Whipsnade at night. There are numbers of these nilghai, which go blue only when they become adult—a curious trait. Then there are the white red-deer. When I blew on a blade of grass—schoolboy fashion, as instructed—they came bounding up. Near by there are jungle fowl nesting in the trees. These give tongue wildly when you make a call on the grass-blade. Muntjacs slither by in the growing shadows, while the black-legged Mongolian horses canter along in the moonlight. They are vicious brutes, and if an English horse were put in the same field with them they would probably savage him.

As night falls the llamas mooch around, while the tapirs—those pig-like animals equipped with the insides of horses (Dr. Vevers himself told me this)—lollop along to a dew-pond, into which they plunge and then bound about just as if they were porpoises. That is really worth seeing. But so, too, are the aurochs—those ugly, wild, almost medieval creatures presented by the Duke of Bedford to Whipsnade. In a neighbouring field you can see ostriches roosting like half-submerged submarines—periscope and all; you can faintly see the shiny bulk of the pigmy hippopotamuses eating restlessly all night. Across the road are the young tigers—Rajah, Ranee, and Tom. Instead of lying idly in the shade, as they do during the day, they are alert all night, prowling around and frequently catching rabbits and Indian partridges that have made a slight error in direction. You can even see them lying in their pool just with their heads out of the water—for tigers, unlike lions, are fond of bathing.

Near by is the enclosed acre in which the lions roam. There are four of them. They all used to be with Bostock. If by any chance you have Phil Bates, the second senior keeper at Whipsnade, with you, he will perhaps point out to you the exact spot where the man was mauled to death after accepting a shilling bet that he would collect his hat when it had been thrown into the pit by his friend. Bates may even point out to you which is Nero, the lion that did most of the work on that occasion. While you watch through the rails you will probably see Prince and Joe knocking each other over in really rough play, roaring and bounding about, and then slinking round stalking each other. It is odd that Nero is the only lion that still remembers that he used to do pedestal work in the circus, and there is quite a chance that he will jump on to the hut inside his enclosure and sit there apparently pondering on the past in the moonlight.

Alas, the elephants are not on view. They are the wisest of all animals, and they have persuaded the authorities that they are not to be shown at night. Once the keepers have put them to bed they stay put until next morning. There is nothing to stop you, however, seeing young Sam and young Barbara, the polar bears. Whipsnade not being London their fur is glossy and white. They will either be resting on the rocks, with Barbara crouched in such a way that her left paw is crooked like a bridge player's holding three no-trumps, or they will be in the pool. It is curious that polar bears seem to like the heat if only because it drives them into the water, where I myself saw them having a midnight bathe.

Once again you may spot a pigmy hippopotamus munching contentedly in the night, but even if you sound your klaxon he does not care a hoot. There are now over a hundred wallabies. They look like tiny kangaroos, running, or rather hopping, free at Whipsnade. Four years ago there were only eighteen of them. Yes, they are very loving animals.

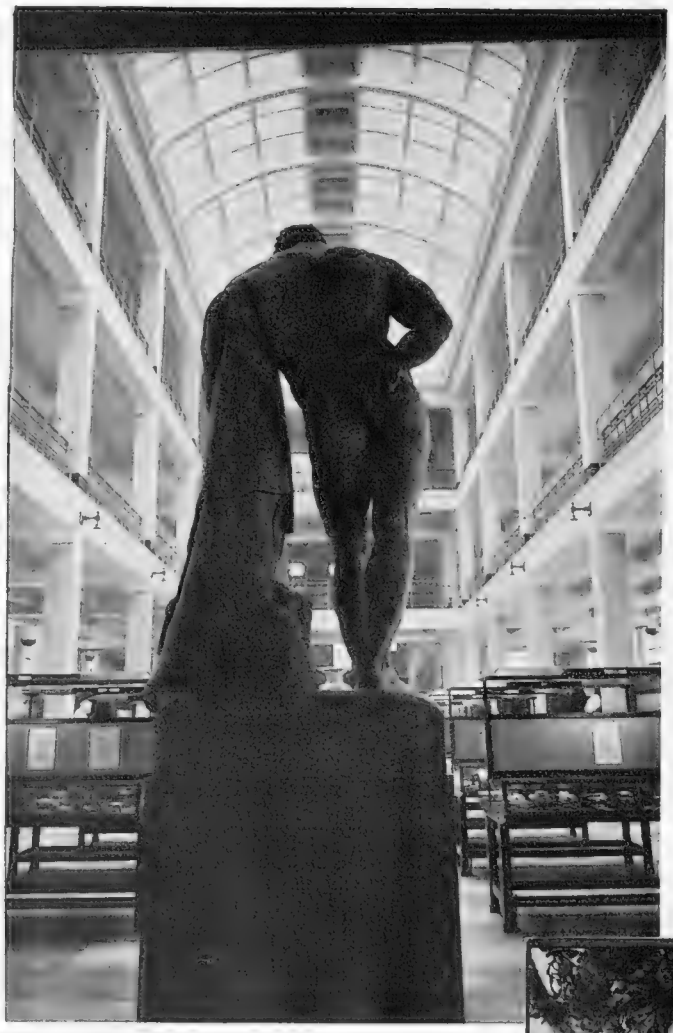
All the time you are walking or driving round the night is rent by the hideous screaming of peacocks, and occasionally the ululating howl of the wolves comes weirdly to you through the growing darkness. Theresa, the tree bear, sleeps by day in the fork of a

(Continued on p. 34)

On left—ELEGANT ROCOCO SILHOUETTES: A gathering of cranes who pose gracefully in the dark waters of the pool, preening themselves before an admiring audience of drakes and dillies

JOLLY GEOLOGY

At the Spacious New Headquarters of the Geological Museum in South Kensington where a Successful Attempt has been Made to Popularize a Subject, the Interest of which Often Falls on Stony Ground



DOMINATING THE CENTRAL HALL: The copy of the Farnese Hercules, which is carved from what is probably the largest block of Portland stone ever quarried

THE average person knows as much of geology as he does of the differential calculus. No wonder. The average geological museum is a pretty dull place. Fossils and minerals, scientifically labelled, convey nothing to the man—or woman—in the street. If there are sermons in stones, these geological sermons are dull.

Indeed, I remember as a boy visiting the Museum in Jermyn Street. I and the attendants had it to ourselves. And I had the impression that the arrival of a visitor was a phenomenon in their monotonous lives.

Happily, however, the authorities who run the Geological Survey and the Geological Museum have changed all that. They have gone with the times. In their stately new home in South Kensington they have made geology attractive—indeed, almost gay.

They have endowed the dry bones of science with imagination, with the consequence of creating a museum which should make a popular appeal. The bones and stones of the long dead past are displayed in a manner which suggests their connection with the urgent present.

For instance, the great hall of the Museum contains fourteen bays. Each bay represents some fraction of England, Scotland, and Wales. On the walls of these bays are fine photographs of these fractions. And the cases contain the fossils or minerals peculiar to the fractions.

Nor is this all. Every bay displays a geological map of the strata under the soil. What are called "talkies" are attached to each case of fossils or minerals. These "talkies" tell you in simple words the significance of these strata.

THE IMPOSING ENTRANCE HALL AT THE NEW GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM where a striking effect has been created by the employment of different types of marble

THE LOWER THAMES IN THE STONE AGE: An interesting diorama depicting a primitive man about to make an attempt to kill a wild boar

A SECTIONAL GLOBE SHOWING THE NATURE OF THE INTERIOR OF THE EARTH: One of many ways in which the authorities have contrived to be instructive in an interesting manner and to make the Museum attractive not only for the expert geologist and the student but for members of the general public

IN STAFFORDSHIRE ALABASTER: A large tazza with a curious serpent decoration; one of the show pieces in the Museum

If a Sussex man (and his wife) visit this Museum, and then the bay devoted to Sussex, they can admire photographs of places they know. The cases can tell them of the age-old wonders buried under the soil. Reference to the explanatory "talkies" will further their geological education, and in a manner that makes them eager to learn without being resentful of knowledge being shoved down their throats.

These bays by no means exhaust the imaginative resources of the Museum authorities. Even more stimulating than the bays are the dioramas. These are imaginary pictures of the long, long ago in the history of the world, or of some remarkable present-day phenomenon.

The diorama that will appeal to the least imaginative in an unimaginative race is that of a long stretch of the Lower Thames in the Stone Age. But for a solitary human figure, the scene is empty of human life. The man's isolation, and the stern realities of life in those days are stressed by the mammoths on the banks. This picture has haunted me, and so should haunt others.

Other striking dioramas are those of a Portland quarry, the Needles, a famous glacier in Alaska, and a Penrhyn slate quarry. The new Museum will also house the invaluable Geological Survey.

The Survey has mapped geologically the land on a one-inch scale, and our coalfields on the scale of six inches to the mile, and has also published these informative maps. The value of these maps in displaying the extent of the seams, with the possibilities of finding new seams, is evident.

And since this omniscient Survey knows all that there is to be known about the strata under the surface, it can readily be seen how this knowledge can be profitably made use of by house-planners, water-surveyors, the builders of reservoirs, roads, and railways, and those concerned with all engineering developments.

This survey was consulted before the making of the famous Liverpool tunnel. It was also responsible during the drought for the finding of 18 per cent. of the water urgently required from underground sources. And the Survey is of assistance to agriculturists who are endeavouring to cultivate our shamefully-neglected land.

Although it is a commonplace that we do not appreciate anything we get for nothing, I believe this new Museum will prove an exception. And if its exhibits awaken our dormant imaginations the work of its directors will be admirably repaid.

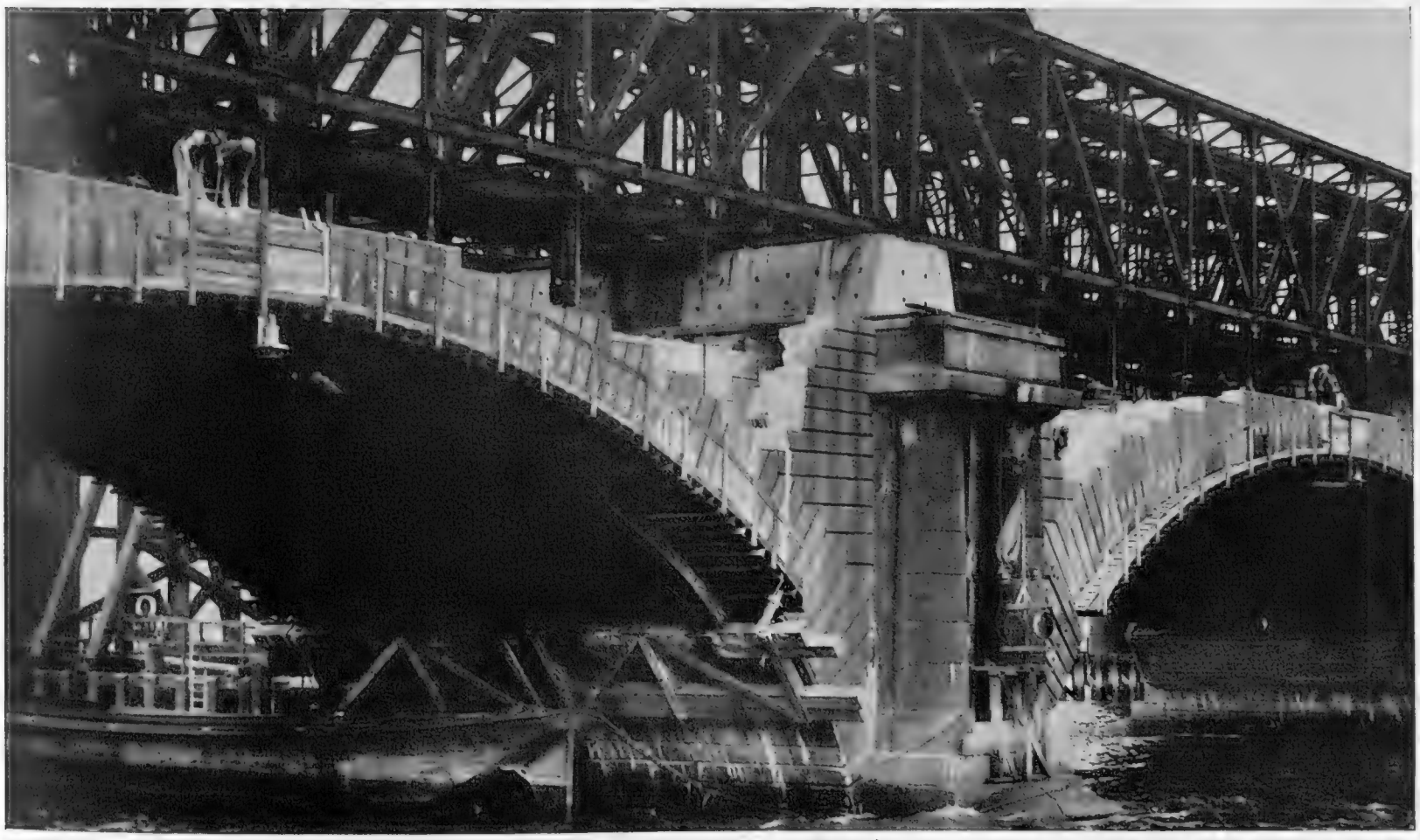
Horace Newte

THE PROGRESS OF WATERLOO BRIDGE

Down to the Keystones at Last

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION: The clock tower of Shell-Mex house appears in incongruous juxtaposition to the centre arch of Waterloo Bridge in this unusual picture taken a few days ago during the work of demolition

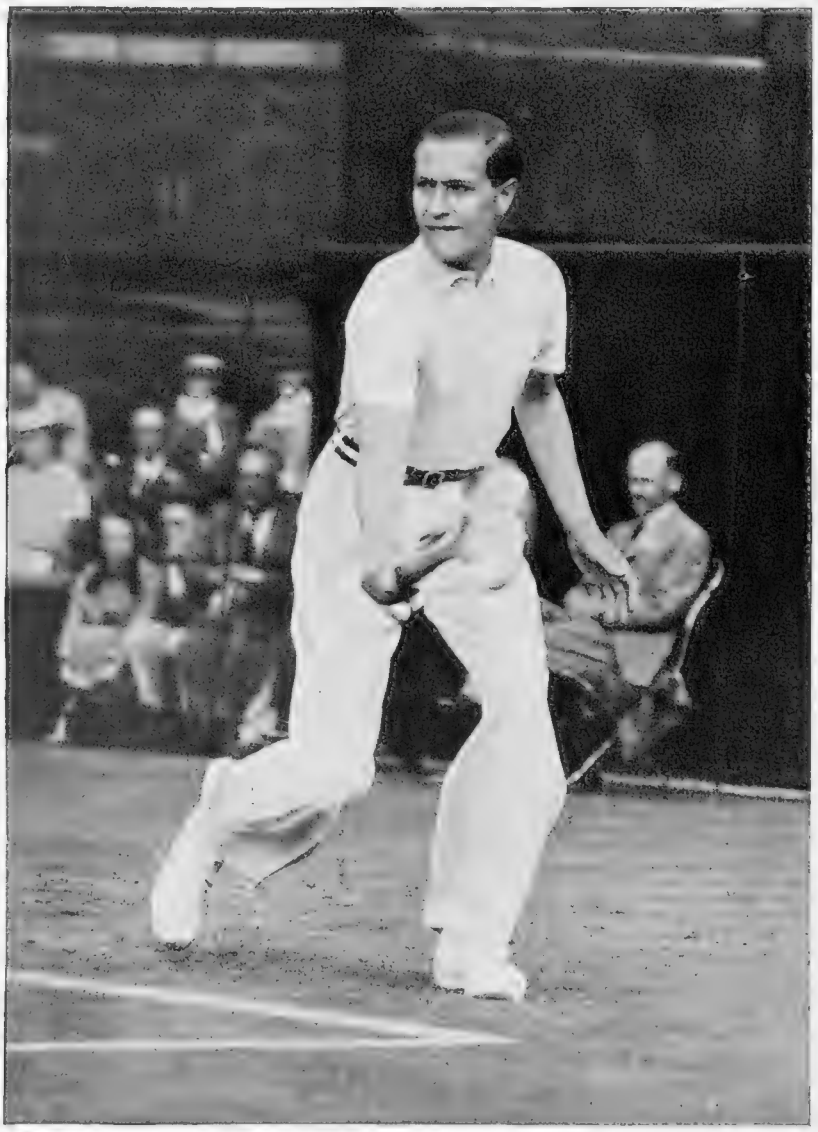
On right—THE LAST PHASE: How the stonework has been removed from the spandrels thus leaving bare the archstones



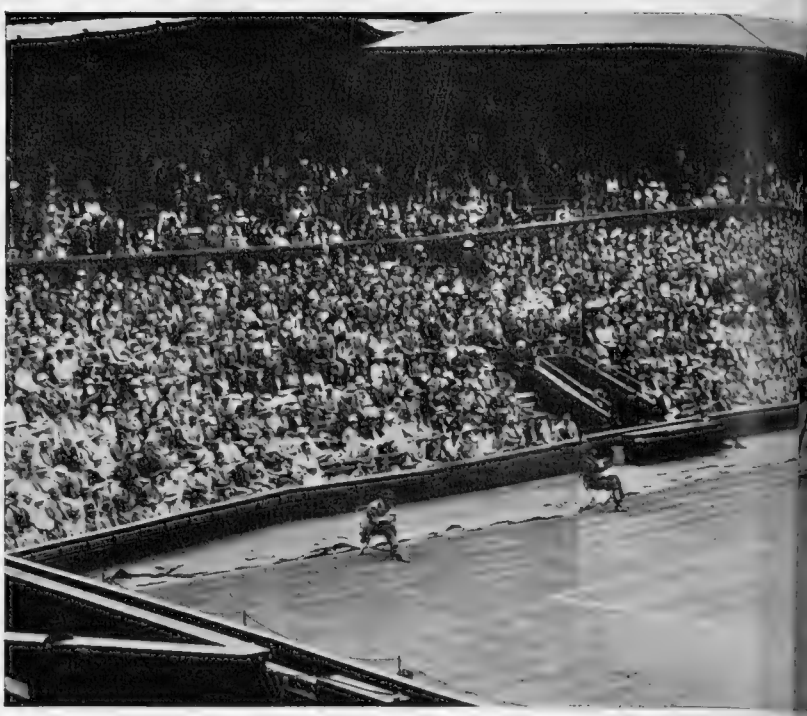
RENNIE'S VANISHING MASTERPIECE: A picture illustrating the closing and most complicated stages of the work of demolition which is now proceeding with the greatest care. It reveals how the carriageway, balustrading, and spandrels have been removed, and all that is left are the piers and the archstones. The latter, each carefully numbered, are supported from beneath by centering attached by means of suspension bars to steel trusses erected above. This allows of the proper balance being maintained and of the keystones being dislodged without danger of a wholesale collapse, and with the minimum of interference to traffic on the river

The First Week at

WIMBLEDON



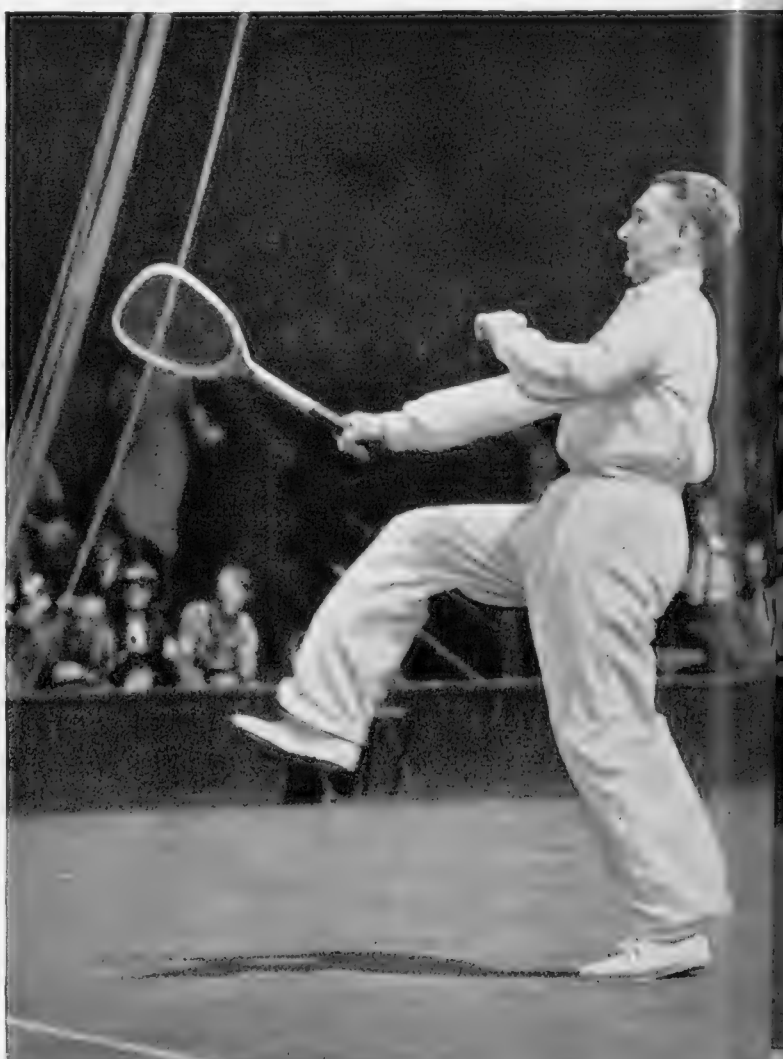
THE GERMAN ACE IN PLAY: G. von Cramm returning a ball from J. Caska, of Czechoslovakia, whom he beat 6—1, 8—6, 6—4 in the third round without being troubled unduly. His first difficult match was on Friday of last week, when he defeated G. Mako, the young American of whom great things were expected



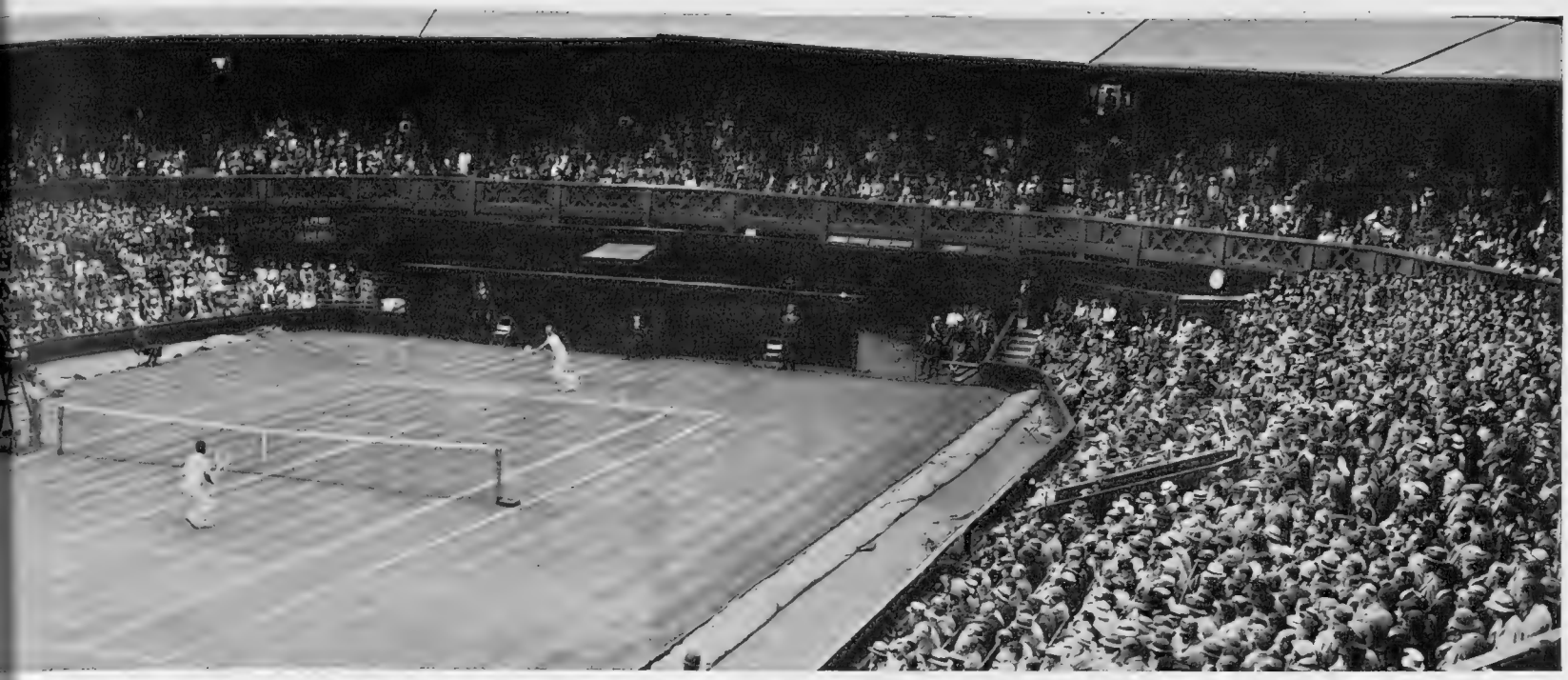
THE FIRST BIG T
OF THE TOURNA
The scene in the th
centre court as F. J
(*background*) oppo
Van Ryn, the Am
doubles player, in a
round match that
out to be much
than was antic
The champion lo
first set 4—6, be
able to cope
cleverly directed
of forcing shots
backhand. He
the second easily
but he only mana
win the third and
and so the match
a stubborn fight
was really decid
Perry's superior

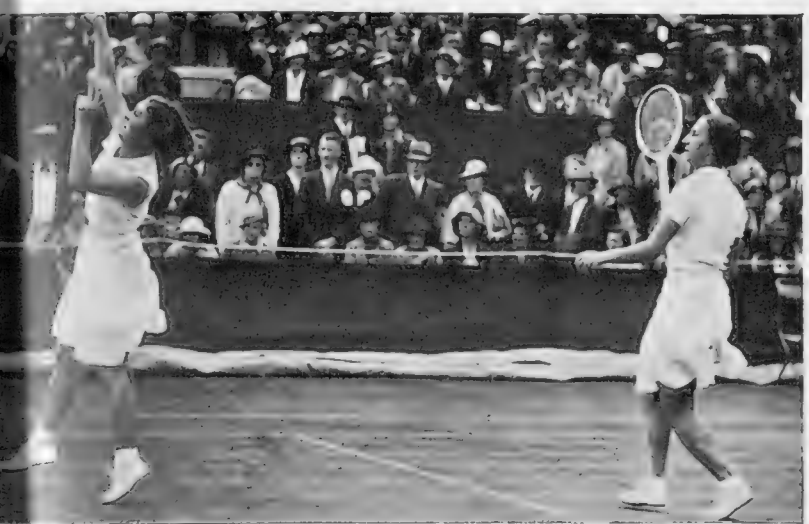
AN ANGLO-AMERICAN AFFAIR: Mrs. Wills-Moody returning a drive from Miss A. M. Yorke in their second-round match. The English girl seemed in too much of a hurry to score winners, and Mrs. Moody had merely to keep steady to win

AN ALL-EMPIRE DUEL: J. H. Crawford, of Australia, runner-up in last year's men's singles, who beat the steady but unspectacular V. G. Kirby, of South Africa, on the third day of the present tournament. The loser does not as yet seem to have recaptured the form which made him so dangerous twelve months ago



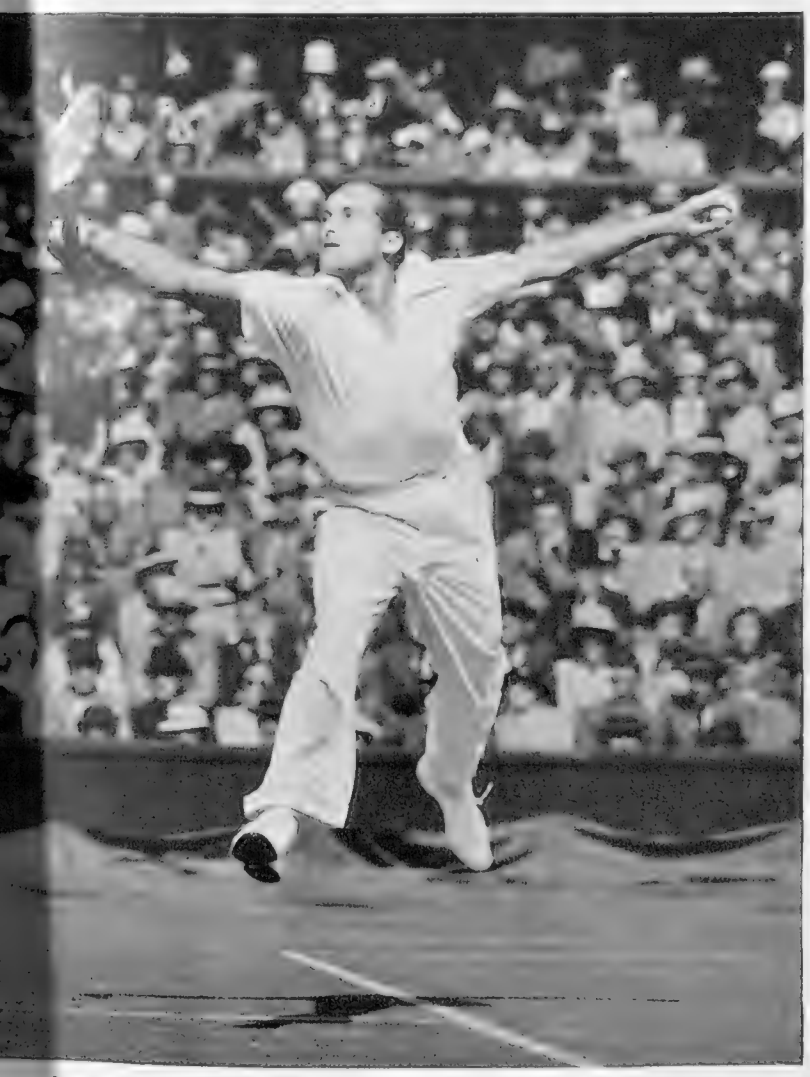
TRYING TO REGAIN HIS CROWN: Another action-picture of Crawford, who is
returning to his best form after a temporary falling off. In the recent Da
match between Australia and Germany in Berlin he was beaten in five sets by
but a few days ago he put up a convincing performance against Hecht of Czecho





THE OPENING ROUND OF THE WOMEN'S DOUBLES: Miss Round (*right*) watches Miss Mary Heeley carry out a well-timed smash in their match against Miss C. Tyrell and Miss P. M. Weekes, a less experienced pair who, however, put up a good fight and managed to obtain as many as three games in each of the two sets

SLECNA E. CEPKOVA, OF CZECHOSLOVAKIA, in play against Miss J. E. Cunningham, of Great Britain, whom she beat 6—3, 6—8, 6—4 in the third round of the Women's singles



HE PIÈCE-DE-RESISTANCE OF THE THIRD DAY: A long and gruelling struggle which took place between Roderich Menzel (Czechoslovakia) and Jean Borotra (France). After fifty-eight games, taking 2 hours 20 minutes, in which the play never flagged, Menzel, seen above, was the winner, the score being 5—7, 6—4, 6—2, 2—6, 11—9

A FORMER CHAMPION IN ACTION: Sydney Wood of America, returning a base-line drive from Itoh, one of the best of the Japanese players

A HARD-HITTING VISITOR FROM POLAND: Mlle Jedrzejowska, who beat a clever opponent in Signorina Valerio in the second round. The score was 6—4, 6—2

IN THE CAUSE OF CHARITY: The Queen photographed during a visit to the Old Market and Fair which was held from June 25 to June 29 in Dean's Yard, Westminster, to aid the rebuilding fund of Westminster Hospital. Her Majesty inspected every one of the many stalls, and remained for tea and for the afternoon concert

Picture by Gordon Chase, Ltd., Bromley

AT THE THIRD COURT OF THE SEASON: *Left*—The Princess de Wagram, who is a great granddaughter of Marshal Berthier (Napoleon's Chief-of-Staff), and her daughter, Princess Beatrice de Broglie, who were presented by Mme Regis de Oliveira, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador. *Right*—Madame Doris Barrett de Campos, wife of Lieut.-Col. Julio de Campos, who was presented by Doña Genoveva de Lima Ulrich, wife of the Portuguese Ambassador

ENTERTAINING AT GROSVENOR HOUSE: Mary Raye and Naldi, who are proving a great attraction in the new edition of Felix Ferry's Monte Carlo Follies

A NOTABLE VISITOR TO LONDON: Fräulein Elly Beinhorn, Germany's leading aviatrix, who has arrived in this country for a short holiday

BRIGHTON FRONT: Some of the attractive old houses which may be demolished if the p for modernising the town is carried through

Brighton Threatened

Is London-by-the-Sea to be Robbed of its Regency Charm?

ALDERMAN Sir Herbert Carden wishes to transform Brighton. In the *Official Royal Jubilee Souvenir*, presented with the compliments of the Brighton Corporation, he has written an article which seeks to sweep away for ever the Brighton so many thousands of people love. In its place is to rise a vast new Brighton. But let us quote Sir Herbert: "First we must plan our new city, the City of Brighton. We must bring under one municipality all that area lying between the Adur and the heights above Newhaven. The City of Brighton will stretch from the Adur to the Ouse. The harbour at Shoreham will be Brighton's industrial harbour. The harbour at Newhaven will be Brighton's port for the Continent. . . . The barren stretches of beach which mar the view seawards must be turned into sunken gardens, with bathing pools. . . . The University of Brighton must be brought into being. . . . Victorian Brighton was charming—to the Victorians. Then twentieth-century Brighton must be symbolic of its new birth." To the outward eye, to judge from drawings already published, the façade of the new sea front would be of an ultra-modern appearance suggestive of a Continental exhibition of the latest type.

Sir Herbert, thinking in terms of white concrete and flag poles, seems to forget that there is a Regency Brighton as well, and that a large proportion of the visitors to Brighton go there because of these things. When he plans to pull down the front and all the older houses he hits at and alienates the intelligent upper classes. When he wishes to abolish the beach and the winkle stands he attacks the pleasures of the poorer classes. Surely to walk on the beach and watch the waves is a real thrill to all Londoners? One can find sunken gardens and bathing pools in London or in any other inland town, but not a sea beach.

No one will deny that Brighton has some ugly buildings or may need some new ones, but a completely new Brighton of vast extent, without even a beach . . . ! Brighton is an historic town with its roots in the past, which does not mean that it is dead, and it is dangerous to cut its roots away.

Brightlemstune is mentioned in the Domesday Book, but its early history is legendary. Its first notable connection with Royalty occurs in 1651 when Charles II, escaping from England, stayed at the George, since demolished but on the site of the present No. 44, Middle Street. Here he was recognised by the innkeeper, fortunately with no evil results, and on October 15 Charles set sail in the *Surprise*, a vessel of 34 tons.

Brightlemstone was in those days only a small fishing village, and such it was to remain until the end of the eighteenth century. Defoe visited it in 1720 and wrote, "the town stands upon a rising ground, open to the south-east, and sheltered to the north by hills that are easy of ascent, and command a pleasant prospect. To the west it is bounded by a large cornfield, which forms a gradual descent from the beach to the banks of the sea, and on the east by a fine lawn, called the Steine, which is the resort of the company for walking in an evening, and which runs winding up into the country, among hills, to the distance of some miles." Rural and lovely it all sounds, with little happening except the fishing and the coming and going of the pacquets to France which recently been started. But as the Su roads became more passable and as water became the latest and most fash able cure for certain illnesses, so the ch of Brighton began to draw visitors, tho still only in a small way. In 17 Dr. Richard Russell, who has been c the Father of Modern Brighton, publis his treatise advocating the use of sea wa for diseases of the glands. Bath, Tunbri Wells, Epsom were deserted and every "rush'd coastwards to be cur'd tongues by dipping into brine."

But Brighton did little to encour visitors and seemed rather to wish to ch them. The streets were neither paved lighted, scarcely any increase or impro ment was made in the accommodation visitors, and a correspondent in 1763 w had been sent there for his health, wr "As to the lodgings in this place, the b are most execrable, and what you w find now, I believe, not habitable." T were still no buildings north or east of Steine, and none beyond North S and West Street except the Church St. Nicholas on the Hill. The inhabit numbered about 200, and the town was poor to put in hand any improve schemes. However, in 1775 an Act Parliament was passed authorizing s four Commissioners, elected by the inh tants, to levy a duty of sixpence on ev cauldron of coal brought into the town with this money to regulate and imp the town. In the same year a new ro houses was planned, built, and na Russell Street.

It was high time for steps to be taken, in spite of all things fine folk w coming to Brighton. In June 1771 Duke of Marlborough and his Duch quiet folk, bought a newly-built house the Steine. In September of the s year down came the Duke of Cumberla to stay a week, give a breakfast and a b express himself delighted with the pla wherefore he returned again the follow summer. The fame of Brighton was fir established. Not only titled and fashi able were to come to the town, but Thrales took a house in West Street Doctor Johnson and Fanny Burney we be among their visitors.

Less than a month after he came age—on September 7, 1783—came Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. some years George III had forbidden to visit his uncle the Duke of Cumberla who had revenged himself on the by continually seeing the Prince at Queen's house. Uncle and nephew fast friends in spite of the King's opp tion, and Brighton had been right in hop the Prince would visit the Duke at Brig as soon as he was able. He stayed ele days, and thereafter Brighton was to h much of him. The following summer took up his residence in a house on Steine, rented from Thomas Kemp, described as a "respectable farm house."

In 1787 the Prince took a twenty-y year lease of the house and set about business of adding to it in real earn George IV had an unquenchable pass for building, starting in the early days Brighton and ending with Buckingh Palace. In 1803 the Prince's income increased by Parliament, and for the n twenty years he was continually buy ground to add to his Pavilion. In look at the Pavilion as it stands to-day, it be remembered that it is not a build

(Continued on p.

AN ANXIOUS MOMENT: Members of the crew of the *Sylvia* experience a little trouble with a sail in one of the races at the recent West Mersea Yacht Club Regatta which took place on the Blackwater River, Essex

THE THRILLS *of* YACHTING

A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS

An unfortunate accident that occurred during one of the races organised recently by the Thames Sailing Club at Surbiton

When skilful handling averts a collision; another striking picture taken in the course of the racing held at Surbiton

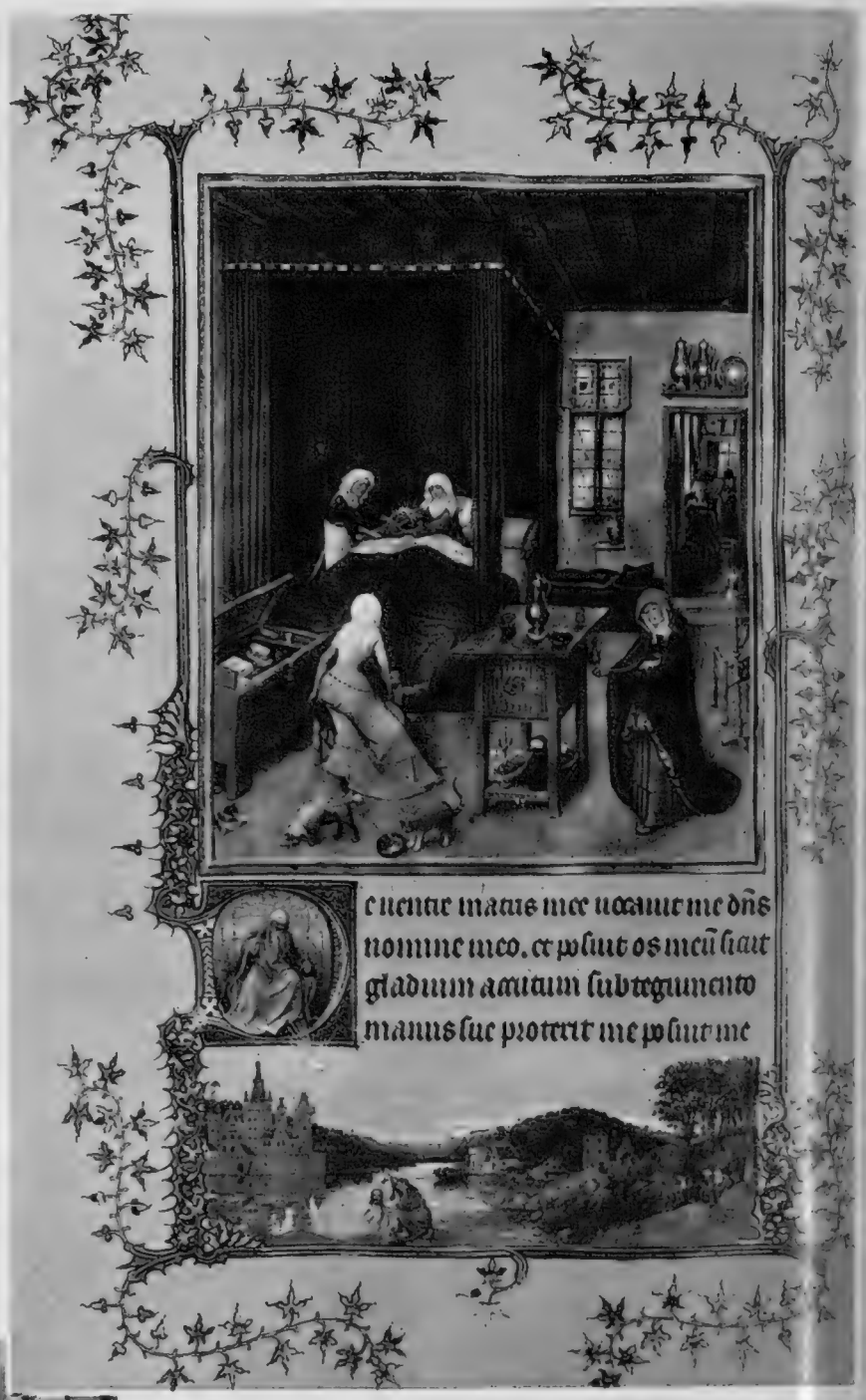
ROUNDING THE MARK

ART OF THE ILLUMINATOR

Some Rare Manuscripts at the Russian Exhibition in Belgrave Square — A Treasure at Turin

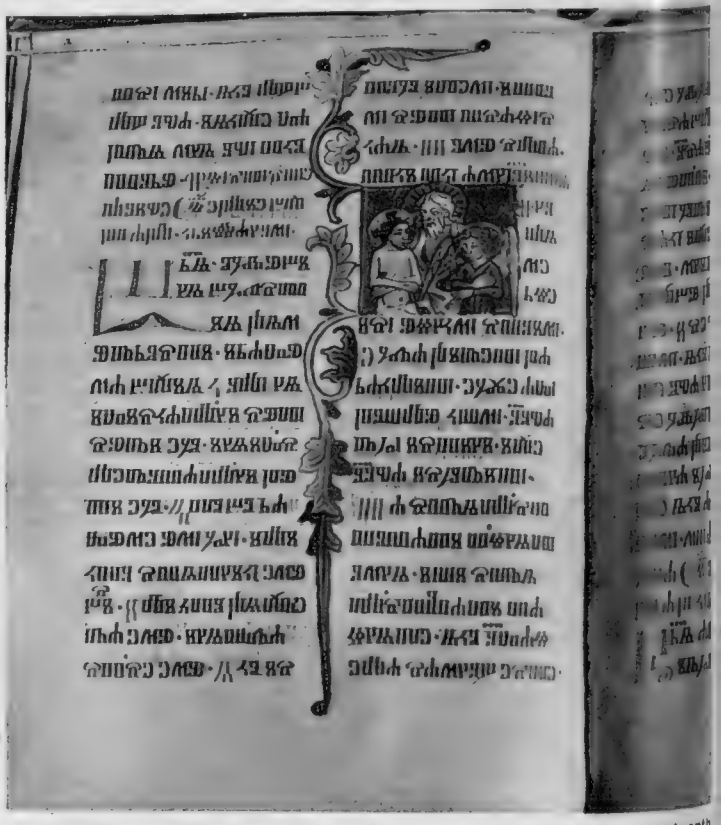
Lent by Prince Orloff

A RELIC OF TZARIST DAYS: The elaborate cover of a Deed of Grant delivered on December 5, 1775, to Count Alexis Gregorievich Orloff, confirming the gift to him of an estate from the Crown Lands together with 4,000 male souls. An interesting volume at the exhibition of Russian art which was recently opened by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent at No. 1, Belgrave Square



A FAMOUS MANUSCRIPT CHANGES HANDS: A page from the Libro d'Oro, with paintings by Van Eyck: a MS. that is one of the treasures of the Prince Trivulzio collection which for years was the pride of the city of Milan, and a short while ago was surprisingly sold for a big sum to a group of Piedmontese financiers acting on behalf of the city of Turin

LEGAL DOCUMENTS OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: Two rare illuminated MSS. at the Russian Art Exhibition. That on the right is a leaf in the Deed of Grant described at the top of this page, while that on the left is a Deed of Grant given by the Empress Anne who came to the Russian Throne in 1730, on the death of Peter II, and ruled largely with the help of foreigners. She was a great-aunt of the ill-fated Tsar Ivan VI



A BOOK WITH A HISTORY: A page in vernacular Bohemian of the fourteenth century from a manuscript on view at the Russian Art Exhibition. It is bound in a cover of silver together with a MS. in Cyrillic characters which is said to be one of the earliest documents in the Russian language and was brought to Rheims by Cardinal Charles de Lorraine on his return from his travels in 1574. At the time no one in France knew in what language it was written but it was later identified by Peter the Great when he visited Rheims Cathedral and was shown the Missal by one of the priests

A SUMMER STORY

Told in Prints

Delightfully cool and fresh looking, this frock of white cotton is spotted with red, and has pretty flower-like buttons. The exaggeratedly wide belt is of scarlet patent leather with a white star at the front

Spots again — this time in blue on white, and white on blue. The dress is made in a heavy crêpe with a wavy weave, and the little coat has the new fashionable three-quarter length full sleeve. The draped jabot at the neck is cut in one with the spade-shaped yoke

This is a cotton summer, and here we have a picture of a beach outfit that will be seen on many fashionable plages. In green cotton, with an enormous white design, it consists of a brassiere, with shorts and a skirt of South Sea inspiration

When the evening comes, cottons are not discarded. The charming dress on the right is made in printed chintz, patterned with small flowers on a navy ground. There is a piping of white at the neck and hem, and the fascinating cape is made of fine white organdie

"IERNIN" AT THE LYCEUM: Elizabeth Nelvi as she appears in the title-rôle of the new full-length opera based on Cornish legend, which was recently presented in London after having been tried out successfully in Penzance last autumn. The composer, George Lloyd, is only twenty-one, but he has an astonishing grasp of the principles of music drama, and a great future is predicted for him

DRAMA *of* TO-DAY

Renee Houston Scores a Personal Triumph in "Love Laughs . . ." : A Play with Only Two Characters at the Embassy : Too Much Propaganda Detracts from the Entertainment Value of the New Light Opera at the Savoy

By PHILIP PAGE

LOVE is said to laugh at locksmiths, but I cannot laugh at convicts, on or off the stage, and it was neither priggishness nor a guilty conscience, nor even a family skeleton in a family cupboard which prevented those prison scenes in *Love Laughs . . .* at the Hippodrome evoking a responsive note. The "Jug" as a topic for stage burlesque jars. I remember one production of Galsworthy's *Justice* which was subtly funny, but the author certainly did not intend it to be anything of the sort, nor did the actor who played the part which caused the fun.

But the convict is, I expect, not in any circumstances a comic figure. We were shown in this piece a ballet of Dartmoor convicts indulging in airy leaps of the type usually accompanied by Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," with a warder as *premier danseur*. This was not only stale stuff, but, on the first night, embarrassing stuff. If I were to suggest that it should at least have been saved for the subsequent hundreds of nights which this piece, wholly for one other reason, will undoubtedly run, I should be as guilty of bad taste as those who suggested this waft of prison air across the new-blown footlights.

Dartmoor entered the scheme of things because the two principal comedians (according to plot) were sent there. Who am I to say that they deserved it? But as far as the theft of a peer's diamonds was concerned they were innocent. They were a couple of publicity men for a film studio, and the theft was staged for advertising purposes. What they "stole," however, were paste imitations, the real diamonds having been secured by my lord's rascally chauffeur. The comedians, who subsequently escaped, and for all practical purposes brought the plot to an end when the evening was but half over, were Mr. Laddie Cliff and Mr. Allen Kearns. Mr. Kearns is a real American, and Mr. Cliff only pretends to be one. Indeed, I have rarely seen Mr. Cliff assume on the stage any rôle but that of an American. I wonder why. With his goggles, his cigar, and his nasality he is *plus royaliste que le roi*. He is, of course, an amazingly neat dancer, and if he is, in *Love Laughs . . .* rarely, if ever, funny, it is because he is given nothing funny to say or do. Mr. Kearns, who has a pleasant personality, is equally nimble and equally starved, not in quantity but in quality.

And now let us get on to the only thing that genuinely matters in *Love Laughs . . .*:—Miss Renée Houston. Scotland having provided us with Prime Ministers, sundry lesser politicians, philosophers, ships' engineers, dramatists, whisky, whimsies, and hard-working journalists, has now given to London the best musical-comedy or revue comedienne for years. In fact, I would venture further and say that Miss Houston, were she to be granted physical immortality, would be not for an age but for all time. She is not, of course, a newcomer. But it is a novelty to see her in single harness and taking her place in a type of entertainment hitherto outside her province.

And what a place! She is so superlatively good that the only enconiums I have left for bestowal elsewhere are for Mr. Cliff and for Mr. Clifford Whitley who have had the gumption to engage her. She will well repay them, since no piece in which she displays her present form could possibly fail. What part it is that Miss Houston plays I do not pretend to know. She just appears on the stage (she is uncommonly pretty, by the way) and pokes fun. She argues with that clever pianist, Mr. Billy Mayerl, who is in charge of the orchestra. She can imitate anyone, from Greta Garbo to the English comedy actress (un-named but obvious) who displays damnable gentility and affectation. When she lapses into her native Scotch she is delightful. She can sing and dance and I am convinced she can act, though here she only fools charmingly certain styles of acting. If I have one comment to make—in the way of advice rather than censure—it is that Miss Houston may be putting all her goods in the shop-window at once, that she is reserving no surprises for her future triumphs. Yet she is so amazingly brilliant that she may well prove me wrong, and no one will be more pleased than I if she does.

Miss Barbara Newberry, from America, is a good dancer of the graceful long-legged type and not quite such a good singer. It is quite likely that she would have secured a marked success on her own account had it not been that Miss Houston played everyone else concerned in the piece right off the Hippodrome stage from Cranbourne Street to Penzance. Bad luck. Mr. James Carew, whom I last saw as an American Ambassador in a Bernard Shaw play, was equally ambassadorial in a part of less importance; Mr. Syd Walker made much of the humours of a rubicund policeman; and Mr. Paul Blake as an imbecile peer successfully Peter Haddoned his way through what might have been a dullish evening.

TWO COMEDIES THAT HAVE COME TO STAY: *Left*—Hella Kurty, the charming young Hungarian actress, who has made a great "hit" as the bride with the gambling-mad husband in *Roulette*, the play which, after being presented at the Duke of York's Theatre, has now been transferred to the Cambridge. *Right*—Jack Hawkins and Alice Delysia in *Accidentally Yours*, the successful show at the Shaftesbury

"Close Quarters."—Happy the manager who can find a play of merit which needs only two people to interpret it! Many good plays have been presented at the Embassy Theatre and *Close Quarters* is among the best half-dozen, and high up on that list, too.

There is a murder—a political murder—but this is no "thriller." Bergmann is a Socialist agitator, and he has triumphed oratorically over a Minister he hates. He is, therefore, exhilarated while his wife is getting the supper in their little flat. The wife, Liesa, seems a bit tense and "queer." News comes that the Minister has been murdered. As Bergmann had foolishly threatened to murder him, and as other evidence points to him as the guilty man, he goes out into the streets in a panic, driven thither partly by his wife's morbid behaviour. By this time many people would guess that the wife committed the murder, and they would be right. On the possible grounds that the cast is so small that it might just as well cease to exist altogether, Bergmann shoots Liesa and then himself.

Close Quarters is a good drama, if you like good melodrama. It impresses because it is closely knit, direct, and essentially of the theatre. If politics have prompted it, it is not overloaded with political discussion, and the "pity and fear" axiom, consciously or unconsciously, is followed to perfection. Also, it is magnificently acted. Miss Flora Robson's quiet intensity we know, and it has never been seen at better advantage. Mr. Oskar Homolka, an Austrian, we do not know, but we most certainly should know much of him.

"A Kingdom For a Cow."—Herr Kurt Weill is a composer whose reputation abroad is great (his version of *The Beggar's Opera* was the rage of Berlin), and not only in Germany. In England his work has been known, I imagine, only to the few, though there have been opportunities of hearing it in London. The announcement that his satirical opera, *A Kingdom for a Cow* was

(Continued on p. 36)

On right—"STOP WHAT NOISE?" George Robey's professional pride is hurt by a neighbour's criticism of his musical talents. An incident in *Accidentally Yours*

How doth the goodly Guinness glass
Improve each dining hour!
No other drink is in its class
For strength and staying-power.

How cheerfully it seems to grin,
How creamily it flows!
How does that ruby gleam get in?
Ah, Guinness only knows!

You might mistake this for Lewis Carroll or even Isaac Watts,
but

You can't mistake Guinness for anything else, or anything else for Guinness

G.E.461.

The World of Books

Reviewed by

VERNON FANE

MUDDLING through is supposed to be a peculiarly English trait, and it is sometimes a matter for astonishment to the lesser breeds without the law to find that we take pride in it. The Empire, the great Lord Durham said, was founded in a fit of absentmindedness, and maintained by a policy of salutary neglect. This abhorrence of anything definite in the nature of a policy with regard to any evolutionary problem, no matter how vital, is of course inherent in our glorious Constitution, to which we are apt to point, and say how wonderfully it works, and how it is the envy of the whole world.

So it is in the national character that, with the comparatively recent development of modern transport, a haphazard and semi-chaotic state of affairs should have arisen, that in this small country it should have been found necessary by means of great arterial roads and by-passes, to divert fast-moving traffic from the villages through which main roads have for centuries passed.

It is also typical that there should immediately spring up around those roads small towns and villages larger, and in some cases more congested, than those they were originally designed to by-pass. What is even more typical is that when the damage (if it can be called damage) has been done, legislation should be debated, with the idea of arresting what is called "ribbon development."

A modern poet has written an epitaph on this generation, and said that it inherited in England a land of beauty and turned it into a land of beauty spots.

Now Mr. H. J. Massingham has been tackling some of the causes underlying this problem in a book called **THROUGH THE WILDERNESS** (Cobden Sanderson. 15s.). Mr. Massingham is not only a poet and a famous interpreter of Nature, but a townsman who has turned to the country for that fuller life with the earth which he asserts is not only man's heritage, but essential to his very life and ultimate survival. He is also an archæologist; and in this book he uses his knowledge and scholarship to unify a theme which stretches from his quiet house in the Chilterns to ancient Crete, in whose worship of the Earth Goddess he finds the fountain-head of European culture.

NOTED COLLABORATORS: Jane Oliver and Ann Stafford who have combined their talents to produce *Cuckoo in June*—a witty novel which has just been published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus. The two authors live in the same house and have thus been able to work together with the minimum of difficulty

Unlike most specialists, Mr. Massingham invests his interwoven learning and philosophy with an air of conviction which cannot fail to impress the ordinary reader. Inevitably he works up to a denunciation of the machine age, and sees in it (as many other poets have done) the seeds of the ultimate destruction of mankind. In it he finds everything to condemn, with the surprising *dénouement* that the instinct which is creating "ribbon development" has a sound basis in as far as it is an attempt, albeit a blind attempt, on the part of machine slaves to break away and get some contact with that for which in their daily lives they are being continually starved.

This is not an "easy" book to read, but rather one which should be taken slowly that its full relish may be enjoyed. The author is a true poet, and no poet can write anything but fine prose.

The old school tie, that touchstone of middle class arrogance and a symbol of all that is clutched for, like the last straw of remaining privilege, is the theme of a satire upon type in Mr. Graham Greene's new novel **ENGLAND MADE ME** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

Anthony Farrant was such a howling cad, that in the words of a famous comedian, he might have gone to all the wrong schools, one after the other. He did go to the wrong school, but that did not prevent his "sporting" Old Harrovian colours in circles where he thought he would not be found out. He is a type in which snobbery

H. J. Massingham Condemns the Machine Age; Graham Greene Reveals His Genius for Satire in "England Made Me": George Orwell's Exciting Novel of Burmese Life

is seen at its worst and its ugliest; and while Mr. Greene's satire is savage and unrelenting, he does not destroy its efficacy thereby.

We see his hero in all sorts of desperate corners, attitudinising, bluffing, lying, and generally managing to carry on, in a story which is at the same time exciting and credible. If he has one redeeming quality it is his love for his twin sister Kate, who herself gets into a mess through being, or trying to be, secretary and mistress to an international financier.

Readers of *Stamboul Train* will remember how good Mr. Greene can be with international characters, and this one, Erik Krogh, is both credible and a good study, and when the action shifts to his glass and chromium palace in Stockholm we feel that we know where we are.

Mr. Graham Greene has one supreme quality as a novelist, and that is the ability to tell a really exciting story. In this book he blends it with satire, as I have indicated, but with a subtlety which makes it a really fine novel.

The social code as understood by "pukka sahibs" is also the most powerful concomitant to Mr. George Orwell's new novel, **BURMESE DAYS** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) For people who, like Flory, put themselves outside the caste by looking at native problems with a too intelligent and sympathetic eye, life with the members of the Kyauktada Club could not have been too pleasant. Flory further flouted the local code by taking a native mistress; makes an implacable enemy in U Po Sing, a Burmese magistrate, and falls hopelessly in love with Elizabeth Latimer. Most of the action in this very exciting story concerns Flory's battles against the diabolical schemes of U Po Sing, and the tragedy of his love for Elizabeth, than whom there was no more perfect specimen of a shrewd mem-sahib in the making.

I can understand that certain people will be offended by Mr. Orwell's outspoken strictures upon the type of European inhabitant of a Burmese station who makes it possible for a man like Flory to be hounded to his death. People with such prejudices may well leave this book alone, for they will be unable to appreciate its biting realism, the sheer brilliance of its characterization, construction and atmosphere, nor be haunted, as I was, by its essential tragedy.

By any standards it is a very remarkable piece of work.

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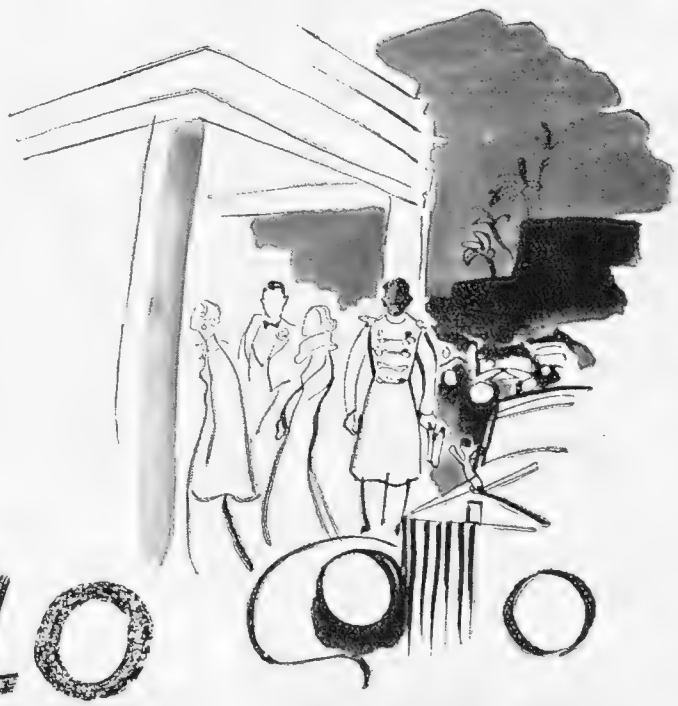

MONTE CARLO BEACH

GERMANY'S LATEST ANSWER TO CRITICS OF THE AIRSHIP

(Continued from p. 13)

current of air passes incessantly throughout the room. On the deck above this, connected by quite steamer-like stairs, are the twenty-five two-berthed cabins, all "inside" rooms, equipped with running hot and cold water, a curtained wardrobe, additional clothes hooks, service bell, and ventilator. They looked to me smaller than those on the *Graf Zeppelin*, and have no outside windows. That is a feature I do not like. Dr. Eckener said that he might consider building in a few special cabins with outside windows, which would be let at higher prices.

The cabins form a group in the centre of the deck. Around them are the public rooms, the dining saloon on one side, the general saloon and reading and writing room on the other. Heated in cold weather, but to increase the heat and to give an added impression of cosiness, each one of the table pedestals has a hot air ventilator round the base, so that passengers' feet will be warm. Railed off by a low railing is a promenade all the way round these rooms. An electric lift will facilitate service from the kitchen to the pantry near the dining saloon. There is a shower bath, too.

All this sounds very wonderful and thrilling, and it is indeed. But I have flown over 50,000 miles with the old *Graf*. I made all the pioneer flights before the *Graf* was even "improved" for its regular trans-atlantic service to South America. We had no heating at first, and were half-frozen over Siberia on the round-the-world flight. We washed in rotation as best possible in small metal basins. The tiny electric kitchen did its best, but was not adequate for elaborate cuisine.

They are trying to make the new Zeppelin as comfortable as an ocean liner.

I have been invited to make the first transatlantic flight in it from Germany to North America. That may be sometime in October. Of course I am eagerly looking forward to the flight, but I do feel that no amount of luxury, in accommodation or cuisine, will ever wean away my deep affection for and faith in the *Graf Zeppelin*, the "Ship with a Soul," I called it. Built up with the pennies and shillings of the German people, constructed in love (that may sound exaggerated, but I was around it a great deal during the construction and know how passionately and tenderly the mechanics worked—they and the crew built themselves and their hearts right into it), and flown with a fanatical devotion.

The new Zeppelin will be the last word in perfection, but it is being built for purely commercial purposes, and as soon as it is finished and proved another Zeppelin will be begun, just more spars, girders, fabric, motors and instruments, whose increasing perfection and reliability will eliminate the idiosyncrasies which worry or delight, and give a personality apart from that of the Commander's, to which any and every ship, any and every piece of mechanism, responds and reacts.

On the initial flight of the new Zeppelin to North America, Dr. Eckener will be in command, seconded by his famous Captains Ernst Lehmann, Hans von Schiller, and possibly Captains Max Pruss and G.A. Wittemann. The airship has been designed for and will be put into the South American service after a series of flights across the North Atlantic.

CONTINUATIONS

BRIGHTON THREATENED

(Continued from p. 26)

designed and built as a whole, but a thing that grew and was transformed over a period of years according to the whims of its owner. When the Prince first started work on his house on the Steine he had called in Henry Holland who had produced an elegant country house with plain wings flanking an oval saloon decorated with Ionic columns. This house is still the core of the Pavilion. Oriental fantasy appeared first in 1803 when the Prince became possessed of a Chinese wallpaper and built a suitable room in which to hang it. Various architects were employed at the Pavilion in different years, the principal being John Nash. In 1823 all work was finished and thereafter the King, deprived of his pet hobby of building, came less and less frequently to Brighton. His last visit was in January 1827.

William IV frequented Brighton, and played his part of the Citizen King, walking unattended in the streets. Queen Victoria visited the town once or twice, but found that "the people are very indiscreet and troublesome here, which makes the place quite like a prison," and her last visit was in 1843, though her children were there the following year. This was the last occasion on which the pavilion was the home of Royalty, and shortly afterwards it was dismantled.

Such a long connection with Royalty naturally brought to Brighton rich, smart, titled people, who housed themselves and enjoyed themselves accordingly. Many of the houses have gone, but many remain; and they, as much as anything else, constitute the charm of Brighton. The sea front, in spite of some blemishes, ranks as the finest in Britain, with the possible exception in a smaller way of Weymouth.

Regency architecture has a swagger about it which contributes much to the general air of gaiety which is the particular attribute of Brighton. Great blocks of flats in the modern manner will be entirely devoid of this characteristic. And are a University, an industrial port, and a continental port really desirable at Brighton? These things belong to such places as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and so on, and are the qualities in these places that people come to Brighton to forget.

M. I. Batten

WHIPSNADE BY NIGHT

(Continued from p. 21)

tree. Indeed, the photographer, as you see, has caught him roosting there on this occasion. Twenty minutes earlier, however, he was prowling around like Teddy Major, a big blonde bear, father of two nice cubs whom he had for luncheon within a couple of days of their arrival. Teddy Major will roll on his back at you. He will eat chewing gum. He will even indulge in his special kind of game at night. This is a peculiar rolling gait like that of a sailor, which he seems to enjoy a great deal. He is a present from Lady Yule, as also is the enclosure of two acres in which he and the other bears roam. He may even clap his paws to say "Please." But he'd kill you at once if he had a chance.

Now we come to the high light (literally). This is the acre and a half where the wolves roam. It is here that you want your flash lamp, as I have said. They are a cross between American timber wolves and Czecho-slovakian wolves. Every now and then they will indulge in a kind of camp chorus of howls. Phil Bates does not mind going among them by day. At night it is a very different matter. Near them, though carefully separated, of course, are the dingoes (you remember "Still ran dingo yellow dog dingo, never getting nearer and never getting farther"). They are the friendliest animals of all at night, and visitors to Whipsnade are always begging for puppies, but when they get them they always return them within a week. Dingoes are entirely intractable.

Not so far away are the wombats. You never see them by day. At night they are most active. Tom Webster, who was with me on my visit, immediately nicknamed them Hobbs and Sutcliffe. I should have mentioned the four cassowaries. They have just been introduced to Whipsnade. They are most unfriendly birds. Each has selected a corner of the enclosure, and has nothing to do with the other three.

As you drive back to London the night is rent again with the howls of the wolves, the barking of the Indian deer, the yells of the peacocks, the occasional roar of a lion, and the wild quacks of the wild sheldrake. Honestly, Whipsnade at night is really worth a visit.

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Spa. — Grand Hotel Britannique. — 150 rooms with 'phone. 50 baths. Park. Garage. Tennis. R.A.C. From 12s. 6d.

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Paris.—Hotel Cambon.—3, rue Cambon (Madeleine-Tuileries).—Every comfort. Room from Frs. 20. Pension from Frs. 45.

Le Touquet. — Hotel des Anglais. — In forest, adjoining Casino. 200 rooms with bath. Large park. Own 'bus to golf and sea.

Le Touquet (P. de C.).—Golf Hotel.—Facing the famous links. Privilege of daily golf vouchers.

Le Touquet.—Hotel Regina.—Facing sea. Opp. swimming pool. 1st-cl. Residential hotel. Same management Hotel des Anglais in forest.

Royat.—Grand Hotel Majestic Palace.—Private park of 10 acres. Tennis Courts. Near Thermal Establishment.

GERMANY.

Berlin.—Hotel Alhambra.—Best quiet position at 68 Kurfürstendamm. Each room private bath, wireless, telephone. From RM. 8.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Atlantic, Lichtentaler Allee.—Op. Cas., absolutely quiet Sth. pos. free fr.dust. Ev. comfort. Full pen. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Badhotel Badischer Hof.—First-class Family Hotel facing the Kurpark and Casino. Own bathing establishment.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated, 200 beds. Rooms fr. RM.4, Pension fr. RM.10.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated 1935, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Mngr's. wife English, prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Golf Hotel.—(2 mins. from course, 18 holes). The ideal home for golfers & those who seek recreation. Full bd. fr. RM.9.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park. Close Casino. Pension terms M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Quellenhof.—Near Ther. bths., ev. cmft. Full pen. fr. RM. 7.50. Old Baden wineshop "Im süssen Löchel" fded. 1831.

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Bad Ems.—State Hotels and Römerbad.—The two leading hotels, same management. All comfort. Pension from RM. 9.50.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM. 9.

Bad Nauheim.—Autors Hotel Prince of Wales.—Fam. Htl. prfd. by English. All mdn. comf. Mod. prices. ex. cuisine. Prop. A. Leuner.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Bristol.—Directly opposite the Baths. Pension arrangements from RM. 9. Manager: P. Bittong.

Bad-Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old estab., comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date, exceptional position by park, 20 yards from Baths.

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Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn.-Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

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Frankfurt-am-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from RM. 4.

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch (Bavarian Alps, Sonnenbichl). —Golf Hotel.—Facing the Zugspitze. First-class family hotel. Excellent cuisine.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps.—Hotel Neu-Werdenfels. — First-class home comfort combined with excellent cuisine and service.

Hamburg.—Hotel Atlantic.—On the Alster basin. Two minutes from the main station. Excellent Grill and Bar in new style.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—First class. Quiet location in old park. Rooms from RM.5.

Heidelberg. — Reichspost-Hotel. — Highly recomd. by German and foreign Gde. Bks. Op. Cent. Stn. Wine & Beer Restnt. Pens. fr. Mk.8.

Heidelberg.—Victoria Hotel.—2 minutes from Station. 175 beds. Adj. Municipal Park. Well-known Family Hotel. Rooms from RM. 4

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest & most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of Internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung. Conn. of Com.

Mannheim.—Palace Hotel Mannheimer Hof.—Latest Creation of European Hotel Technique. Mod. rates. 20 mins. drive fr. Heidelberg.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — First-class throughout, in quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Munich.—Hotel Grunewald. Opposite Central Station 300 beds. Every comfort.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Viktoria.—Most distinguished world-wide known house. Seasonable terms.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel. 300 beds. Medical bath in Hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pen. fr. Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pen. fr. Marks 11.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pens. from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—Wld.-rend. Finest pos. op. Pk. & Opera. Wiesbaden Springs. Pat. best Brit. Soc. Pens. fr. Mks.12.

ITALY.

Baveno (Lago Maggiore).—Hotel Bellevue. — The Leading Hotel. On the lake. Private bathing beach. Tennis. Mod. terms.

Colle Isarco (3,281 feet).—Dolomites.— **Hotel Gudrun.**— Every comfort. Moderate terms.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class. Central and quiet location with splendid view over town and park. Reasonable rates.

SWITZERLAND.

Basle.—Three Kings Hotel (Trois Rois). On the Rhine. The Leading House.

Geneva.—La Residence.—1st-cl. Resid. All comf. Spl. roof-gdn. Tennis. Open-air rest. Marv. view on lake & mntns. Pens. fr. Frs. 10.

Gunten.—Park Hotel.—Full south on lake front. First-class family hotel. Bathing. Tennis. Golf. Pension S. Frs. 13 up.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £5.0.0.

Lausanne-Palace-Beau-Site. — First-class at reasonable rates. Excellent cuisine. Nicest position. Park. Garage. Priv. Tennis. Golf.

Lucerne.—Carlton Hotel.—1st-class. Finest situation on lake. Resnble. terms. Private lake baths free for guests. Park. Tennis. Garage.

Lucerne. — Hotel Du Lac. — Rooms from Frs. 6. First class. Pension from Frs. 14.50. Always open.

Lucerne. — The National. — Best location, direct on lake. All sports. Room from Frs. 8, Pension from Frs. 18. Director: A. de Micheli.

Montreux. — Hotel Continental. — On lake. 1st-cl. Up-to-date. An ideal home in a charming posn. Park. Gar. New Rates. (Prop. W. Deig.)

Montreux.-Montreux Palace Hotel.-Ideal for holidays at all seasons. All rooms fcg. lake. Mod. comf. Golf, tennis. Lge. pk. Gar. Beach.

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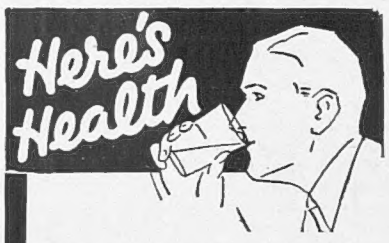

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DRAMA OF TO-DAY (Continued from p. 30)

to be given its first performance on any stage at our own Savoy Theatre excited considerable interest, quite apart from the *secret de polichinelle* that it was going to be a smack at Hitler. I am now wondering whether that was the sole reason why Herr Weill's presence in Germany is now considered to be undesirable, or whether the quality of his music may not have something to do with it.

For he, while obviously being a man of technical experience and also of musical invention (there is nothing of the amateur about him), can write music that is quite extraordinarily unpleasant. Much of it, which I suspect to be the real Weill, is steely, heartless stuff. It is deftly scored, but there is a sneer behind it, a sneer greater even than the subject of the libretto warrants.

The remainder seems to be a savage burlesque of existing musical-comedy methods. This is done cleverly. But Herr Weill makes the mistake of showing us, for instance, jazz which is more inane than the real article and not nearly so effective. When a sentimental love duet is required, as in the farewell of the bride and bridegroom at the close of Act I., he writes something of saccharine insipidity. I do not doubt that this is done in fun, with tongue well planted in the cheek. Yet there the music is, and one has to listen to it. Such a type of musical fun is difficult to handle; and there is the further "snag" that one cannot always know when Herr Weill is joking and when he is not joking. For that reason alone I cannot acclaim *A Kingdom for a Cow* as a triumphant musical success, though it has the merit of being different from any other musical piece I have seen.

The book Mr. Reginald Arkell has had to rescue from the somewhat heavy satire of Mittel Europa. He has done his task pretty well, and Mr. Desmond Carter's lyrics are decidedly good. But the whole subject has been against both of them. The wiles of an American representative of an armament firm (played with gallant energy and breathlessness by Mr. George Gee) who strives to induce two penniless and imaginary republics to go to war so that he can sell them rifles and machine-guns do not form the basis of irresistible mirth. And however much we detest (or admire) militaristic dictators, their adventures or misadventures do not amuse us as comic-operatic themes, particularly when, as in this case, the bias is only too apparent and when we are aware that the attack, for all its satirical label, is made in deadly earnest. In short, the propaganda keeps on getting in the way of the hilarity. Occasionally there are amusing moments, notably a presidental dinner-party at which complaints are made that the host is "stingy with the wine," and a trio sung by the President, his secretary, and the fierce military dictator. Such plums, unfortunately, are rare.

THE ITALO-ABYSSINIAN IMBROGLIO

(Continued from p. 6)

America. A similar disappointment was met by Italy in the matter of cotton, the right to prospect cotton fields being given to Japanese concession hunters.

It was this final snub, coming after so many other rebuffs, that definitely exhausted Italian patience. In a fighting speech, whose significance was then scarcely realised, Signor Mussolini announced to the world that Italy's future lay in Africa. In December of last year came the incident at Wal Wal. The rest is too fresh in memory to need repeating.

It is clear that if Italy has the aims attributed to her, that is the establishment of a virtual protectorate over Abyssinia, she is not going to find the task easy. The people are warlike, and well supplied, if report is true, with munitions. Their country is either mountainous or swampy and lends itself to protracted guerilla fighting. Even with aeroplanes and tanks its "pacification" might take years to complete, as the French have found in Morocco. On the other hand, Italy cannot afford to expend her force indefinitely in Africa without dangerously weakening her Austrian frontier.

As regards the position of Britain, it could scarcely be more embarrassing. We have neither the means nor the will to oppose Italy by force, and it ill becomes the Government of the greatest empire in history to preach to a less richly endowed nation about imperialism. At the same time our interest in Lake Tsana, with regard to which a satisfactory arrangement is on the point of completion, precludes abandonment of Abyssinia, even if our commitments under the League Covenant and various treaties did not make such a course impossible.

It is a situation, in fact, if ever there was one, which calls for a miracle.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In the recent Band Competition held at the Queen's Hall, the boys' band from Bisley School (which is a branch of the above Society) was successful in obtaining two first prizes for boys under sixteen, and two second prizes for boys under nineteen. A soloist obtained a second prize in competition with nine others, and the Bandmaster obtained a medal as the best Bandmaster. This is particularly commendable, as all the boys in the Bisley School Band are under the age of sixteen. The Society are urgently in need of funds to assist in the Great Work that they are carrying on, not only in this School, but also in their other Homes, and in the Training Ship *Arethusa*. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

The Imber Court Horse Show and Tournament

A Thrilling Two-Day Programme at the Metropolitan Police Mounted Training Establishment

The Horse Show and Tournament at Imber Court, East Molesey, Surrey, the Metropolitan Police Mounted Training Establishment, is being held this year on July 10 and July 11, and those who have attended this event before will only have to be reminded of the dates to make sure of obtaining their tickets; for here horsemanship is seen at its best, and spectators are once again promised a long and varied programme providing entertainment of a very high order. The Duke of Kent has promised to be present, and this will be yet another reason why there should be a record crowd.

WELL OVER: A member of the Metropolitan Mounted Police taking a fence bareback without the use of the reins and with his saddle held aloft

Some of the best jumpers in England are taking part in the well supported jumping competitions, and there are also numerous entries for the other tests of horsemanship and high-school riding for which the Show has become so famous. Besides the musical ride by the Metropolitan Police, and the other events usually supplied by the police themselves, there is to be a musical drive by "P" (Sphinx) Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, always a decorative performance, and a combined drive by mounted police and police motor cyclists.

An excellent service of electric trains runs at frequent intervals from Waterloo to Thames Ditton Station, which is two minutes from the show ground. Tickets at popular prices can be obtained from New Scotland Yard, from all police stations, and the usual ticket agencies.

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Bournemouth.—Crag Hall Private Hotel.
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Cromer (near).—Overstrand. Tel. O'strand 29.
Devon (North) Saunton.—Saunton Sands Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Hydro Hotel, 1st cl., 3 acres grnds.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Imperial Hotel.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hastings.—Albany Hotel.
Ilfracombe.—Ilfracombe Hotel. Telephone 20.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel.
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Llandrindod Wells.—Rock Park Hotel. Tel. 2.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Paignton.—Redcliffe Hotel.
Ramsgate.—Granville Hotel.
St. Leonards.—Adelphi Hotel. 100 rms. Garage.
Scarborough.—Grand Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Shaldon, Teignmouth.—Dunmore Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Imperial Hotel.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Weston-super-Mare.—Royal Hotel. Sea front.
Whitby.—Royal Hotel.

LONDON

Bailey's Hotel, S.W.7.
De Vere Hotel, S.W.7. West 0051.
South Kensington Hotel.
The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater.—Deeside-Cambus O'May Hotel.
Oban.—Marine Hotel, Esplanade. Apply tariff.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.

IRELAND

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.

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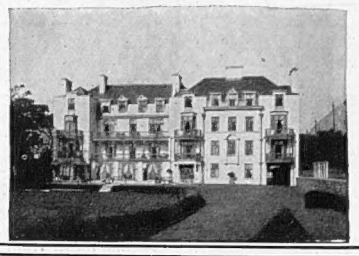

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

(See also 3rd page of Cover)

N., Edinburgh (Madeira and Canary Isles).—As you are going abroad for the whole of the winter we think you would find the Canary Islands more suitable than Madeira. Teneriffe and Grand Canary are only a few degrees warmer than Madeira, and the climate generally is drier, windier, and more bracing than that of Madeira. The latter has a warm, equable, and somewhat moist and relaxing climate. Visitors to the Canaries have a much wider choice of residence than in Madeira during the winter, and are able to get about much more freely, for the north coast of the latter is too cold and damp to render excursions there pleasant. The coldest months in Teneriffe are January, February, and March, when the mean temperature at Santa Cruz is 64·1° Fah., 63·5° Fah., and 64·9° Fah. respectively. The two leading hotels in Santa Cruz are the Grand Hotel Quisisana and the Hotel Pino de Oro, both of which are situated well above the town, their terms ranging from 15s. per day, and probably less for a long stay. The best guide to the islands is *Brown's Madeira, Canary Islands, and Azores*, published by Simpkin, Marshall, Ltd., price 7s. 6d.

S., Lancs. (Corfu).—The island of Corfu can be reached by boat from either Venice or Trieste, the trip down the Dalmatian coast being extremely lovely. The best times to visit Corfu are between mid-March and June, or September and October. You would find it extremely hot there during July and August, but there are always sea breezes, and conditions for bathing are ideal. The only hotel of any size there is the Angleterre et Belle Venise, but the Pension Suisse, which is smaller, is quite comfortable, and also less expensive. There are one or two small and simple inns in the country, right on the beach, which should suit those who require good bathing and do not object to simple accommodation or a very quiet spot.

D., Notts. (Cruise).—An exceptionally interesting cruise is that of the *Viceroy of India* of the P. and O. Line, which leaves London on August 10 for a 28-day cruise to Egypt, Palestine, Greece, Turkey and Algeria, the fare ranging from 45 guineas.

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

T., Sussex (motor tour of Scotland).—You would find the following route a comprehensive tour of Scotland. The route to the north from Windsor lies through the pretty counties of Buckinghamshire, Oxfordshire, Worcestershire, Shropshire, and the lovely scenery of the English Lakes. Windsor, Maidenhead, Oxford, Broadway, Worcester, Ludlow, Shrewsbury, Whitchurch, Warrington, Wigan, Preston, Lancaster, Kendal, Windermere, Keswick, Carlisle, Gretna Green, Beattock, Moffat, Broughton, Penicuick, Edinburgh, Stirling, Auchterarder, Perth, Blairgowrie, Braemar, Ballater, Dinnet, Glenkindie, Huntley, Keith, Craigellachie, Aberlour, Grantown-on-Spey, Nairn, Inverness, Beauly, Muir of Ord, Strathpeffer, Braemore Lodge, Ullapool, Dundonnel, Poolewe, Gairloch, Lochmaree, Kinlochlewe, Achnasheen, Strathcarron, Strome Ferry, Kyle of Lochalshe, Morvich, Cluarnie Bridge, Invergarry, Fort Augustus, Inverness, Carrbridge, Aviemore, Kingussie, Moy, Spean Bridge, Fort William, Onich, Ballachulish, Glencoe, Dalmally, Loch Awe, Oban, Kilninver, Kilmartin, Lochgilphead, Inverary, Arrochar, Garelochead, Helensburgh, Luss, Tarbet, Ardlui, Luib, Killin Junction, Lochearnhead, Callender, Trossachs, Aberfoyle, Strathblane, Kilsyth, Aidrie, Lanark, Biggar, Broughton, Peebles, Galashiels, Melrose, Jedburgh, Carter Barr, Rochester, Otterburn, Colwell, West Auckland, Piercebridge, Scotch Corner, Leeming Lane, Boroughbridge, Doncaster, Newark, Grantham, Stamford, Norman Cross, Buckden, Bedford, Luton, St. Albans, Watford, Rickmansworth, Slough, Windsor. We suggest that for your two centres in Scotland you select Ballater which is in the heart of the lovely country of Deeside, and Oban in the Western Highlands, from which many excursions can be made by steamer.

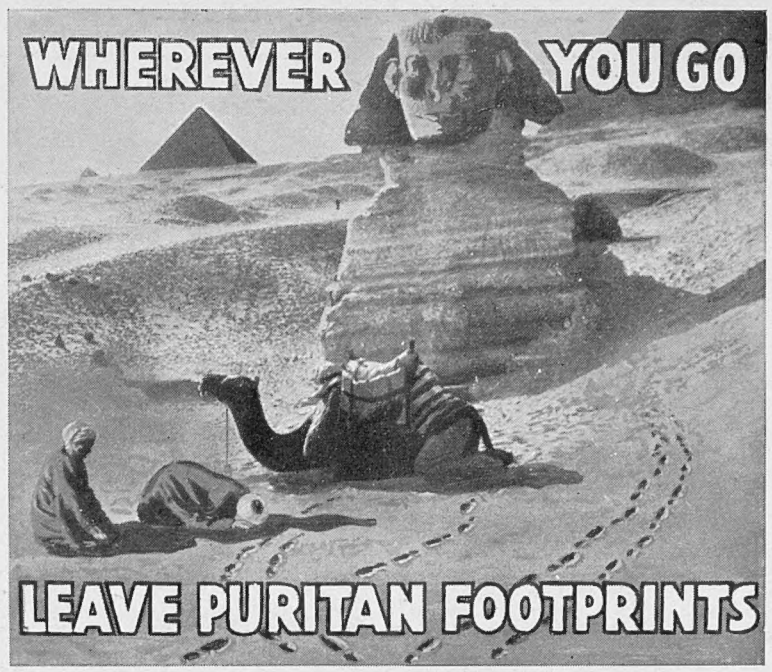
P., Cheshire (Norway).—The cheapest way of travelling to Norway is by the Fredh Olsen Line from Newcastle to Oslo when the return 3rd class fare is £6 10s. However, as you probably wish to visit the Norwegian fjords, you would find it cheaper to travel from Newcastle to Bergen by the B. and N. Line when the return 2nd class fare would be £7 5s. (these boats carry only 1st and 2nd class passengers). For a small and beautifully situated centre on the fjords we suggest Eide on the Hardanger Fjord. You would be able to make several steamer excursions from there, and go by rail or road to the high plateau round Finse, and by road to the Sogne Fjord. At the small Maelands Hotel at Eide you would get full board terms for about 8s. or 9s. per day.

A., Yorks. (Dalmatia).—You could depend on the weather being fine and hot on the Dalmatian coast during the summer months. There are many excellent sandy beaches, and, of course, the scenery is exceptionally beautiful. The island of Rab is very popular during the summer season, and if you preferred a somewhat quiter place we would suggest the island of Hvar, a little way farther south and near to Split. Dubrovnik is a most delightful and picturesque town and a good centre for excursions. There is a good sandy beach at Dubrovnik, though not so large as those at Rab and Hvar. Good hotels are the Bristol at Rab, the Palace at Hvar, and the Imperial at Dubrovnik. The most comfortable way of making the journey is by the Simplon Orient Express, leaving London at 11 a.m. and arriving in Trieste at 4.47 p.m. the following day.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered



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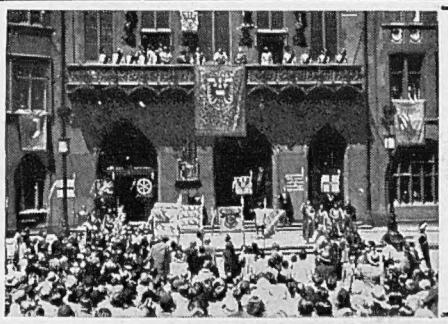

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